Section 9 Jesuitica

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THE
WOODSTOCK
LETTERS

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REFLECTIONS ON A YEAR OVERSEAS

A Letter From

CAPTAIN JAMES A. MARTIN, S.J.

Chaplain, U. S. Air Force

January 28, 1944.—Today marks the anniversary of our entrance into foreign ports, via Africa, and it has started me reminiscing. Mentally celebrating the anniversary, I find that this war has cut out a most unexpected and strange path for us during the past year.

You can thank a bad case of bronchitis for getting to read these recollections. After much coughing my voice left me. And the doctor said "to bed and stay there." I went back to my tent and turned in. It was late then, actually dusk, and not long afterwards night set in. Soon the entire camp was quiet. While lying here I found myself thinking of Stephen Foster's "Tenting Tonight In The Old Camp Ground." I began to whistle it softly. An occasional plane broke the silence overhead. That was the night patrol. In the distance the artillery's big guns rumbled. Yet with all that, it was a pensive atmosphere, and circumstances so shaped my mood. So I began—

Orders telling us to leave Camp Kilmer, N. Y., on January 13, 1943, didn't surprise us. We had spent considerable time there, so much time that the boys were restless awaiting the "go" sign. The 13th arrived cold and sharp. About six o'clock in the evening all

had boarded the train and we started to move out. The boys were happy because they were finally going "over". They sang and joked boisterously the whole way to and on the ferry. Over there as we moved into the ships we could discern in the black night the forms of large ships lying by waiting for troops to board. It didn't take long for that, and by eleven o'clock all were bedded in. I was in a stateroom, originally for two, but on this trip with eight other officers. When we awakened the next morning we saw that we were out at sea and our convoy had formed.

The sea trip was pleasant as far as the weather and the companionship, but the zig-zagging of the ship —a system used to avoid torpedoes—was often quite annoying. The food was excellent. We had an amplifying system on board and used it to provide entertainment for the men. In the afternoon it was a kind of "sidewalk" quiz program from the rear deck. In the evening it was a musical program, volunteer talent every night, together with a Sports Quiz program. The boys liked them. They did entertain, and helped kill the time, especially for those unfortunates packed in the lower decks.

Our convoy of twenty ships had excellent protection in the way of a light cruiser and a number of destroyers. Rumor had it we sighted submarines several times but our excitement ended there. Each day I was able to celebrate Holy Mass; the daily Mass in a small room off the main deck, the Sunday Masses (one at eleven o'clock and the other at four) on the promenade deck. The listing of the ship while it zig-zagged usually had me on edge throughout the Masses. Attendance at Mass was always good which was most encouraging and consoling.

After several days out at sea we learned we were heading for Africa. Most overy one had suspected it.

Early in the afternoon of January 25, we sighted a city shining in the sun. It's shore stretched several miles along the coast and it seemed so strangely new and clean, and, as we drew closer, modern and untouched for the fable-laden country of Africa to which

war had suddenly come. About six o'clock we were edging our way into the harbor through the breakwater and the sight that met our eyes eloquently told of the first American landings there. The pride and joy of the French Fleet, the huge battleship, *Jean Bart,* with several wide gaping holes in her side, was a tragic sight. Masts and funnels of other ships edged over the waters' surface in mute testimony of what lay beneath and the reason for its present conditions.

By this time we all knew that we were in the harbor of Casablanca.

It wasn't until eleven o'clock that we were finally permitted to disembark. Then we were moved off in a hurry. And away we went on foot to our area, an Air Field some three or more miles away. We bedded in about three o'clock.

We had four hours sleep that night, on the floor of a room used as headquarters. In the morning orders were issued to be prepared to move out that night. At six o'clock we entrained—all thirty officers in a first class car, five persons to a two-man stateroom, and the men in "forty and eight" freight cars. For seven days we moved along on that train into the interior of the country, usually most beautiful, till we finally arrived at Ain M'Lila ("The daughter of Lila"—Arabic).

At the air field there we serviced Fortresses. The field was set at the base of a huge mountain which was good protection for us. Many nights Photo Freddy came over and evidently couldn't find us for nothing ever happened. The nights were bitterly cold there, which rather surprised us, though not after learning that we were over 3700 feet above sea level.

On the fifth of March we moved up to Youks le Bain, and from there serviced Spits and Px40's way up ahead at Telepthe and Sbeitla together with the airfield located at Youks. Once a week I travelled to the distant fields, stayed overnight with the boys, offered Holy Mass for them, then went up ahead to the next field for a second Mass. It was rough living, but those boys were always in the best of spirits.

Colonel Fleming, our Group Commander, left us here to take over the largest Air Depot Group in Africa located at Maison Blanche, just outside Algiers. We regretted seeing the Colonel go for he organized this Group and brought it along to its present fine status. In Colonel Howell, the incoming C. O., we were getting a man not quite the disciplinarian that Colonel Fleming was, but possessing other qualities, chief of which were his interest and devotion to his men. Under his leadership we could rise to great heights in the Service Command and go along as the outstanding Group in the entire Mediterranean Theatre.

But about Youks le Bain—in this little village with it's some two or three hundred populace we bivouaced in an almond grove. It was springtime. The trees were just blossoming and it seemed that nature was doing her very best to counteract War's cruel and hardening influence of her tender white blossoms. After the bitterly cold winter spent in Ain M'Lila our stay here was pleasant, and the French villagers made every effort to be friendly.

There was a little church. It looked rather large from its external structure, but was hardly big enough for all our boys, and entirely too small when the Second Armored Division was back near us resting for their last big push.

The Foreign Legion had a Battalion there, too. Their losses had been heavy and they were back reorganizing and getting a breathing spell. Their Chaplain was a Spanish Padre, a Basque who with his people opposed Franco in Spain and later had to flee the country. His opposition here didn't shape up much better, particularly when his newly appointed Colonel on the occasion of his first inspection told the Padre to remove his chaplain's cross from his uniform and "go get a gun." The Padre tried to reason with the Colonel, but to no avail. He deserted, was hunted down, managed to escape, and turned up later as an auxiliary chaplain in the French Army. I can tell you more about this later.

But about the little church—I grew to love it. The

people kept it immaculately clean, and what a joy it was to come back to it after my forward excursions and offer the Holy Sacrifice under a roof, protected by four walls. There would be no need to be on edge throughout the entire Mass. And the simple devotion of those people seemed to personify that of the angels who in adoration hover over every Sacrifice that is offered on this earth. My plans for Holy Week and Easter Sunday were rather elaborate, and the villagers joyfully entered into them. But much to our distress orders sent us off early that week for a new destination. The misfortunes of war would leave those people without services on Easter Sunday.

The African campaign was moving into its final stage.

On the 20th of April we arrived at our advanced field in Ebba Ksour. It was just below Le Kef. For the first time we were to have all our Fighter Groups close by us. Four fields were next to each other and the whole area was just about fifteen miles square. The two Groups of P40's, the Spit, and the P51's which were now in our theatre and were being used for reconnaissance, were all next door neighbors.

The fields of Africa were rolling in beauty those days. Poppies grew by the thousands. But there were golden flowers, too, and some kind of delicate-shaded celestial blue flower that grew in as great abundance as the poppies. You would pass fields where just the poppies grew, or the golden flowers, or the blue ones. Then again the blue would be mixed with the golden, or the red poppies with the golden. On one occasion there was a fairyland right before my eyes—all three, blue, red and golden together. And the day I came upon that scene under a soft late afternoon sun I gasped at the breathtaking beauty of it all. If one little spot in Africa can be so enchanting, what must Heaven be like!

The hum of motors overhead had me quickly looking to see whether it was friend or enemy. It is difficult to distinguish from afar. And one cannot afford to be ecstatic with the possibility of sudden death

winging through the sky. They turned out to be Spits and must have had a very successful mission for they came in low and buzzed the field which was their custom on a very successful day.

While at Ebba Ksour I drove up to a detachment of our boys located at Bone. And on the only morning there visited the magnificent Augustinian Cathedral situated high on the hill of Hippono, overlooking the entire city of Bone. The right arm of St. Augustine is preserved there—it being the site of his Episcopal See back in the 4th century—and on his altar I had the happy privilege of celebrating Holy Mass.

Meantime the campaign wasn't going so well for Rommel with his Germans and Italians. They were caught in a vise by the English from the South and the Americans from the East and North. Soon they lost Bizerte and Tunis, were pushed back onto Cape Bone and with no chance for evacuation they surrendered. Rommel had flown out and escaped. About May 21st, we immediately moved up to the Cape where the planes continued their assault on Sicily and Italy.

But now the African campaign was over and thousands upon thousands of German and Italian prisoners were being convoyed back over the road—in their own trucks with their drivers—to temporary prison camps in the rear.

The first day in Tunis Father (Colonel) Walsh, chief of Air Force Chaplains in Africa, turned over his restaurant to me. He had hurriedly opened it the day the troops moved in. I came in two days later, passed him on the main street, fifteen minutes later found myself running a restaurant for British and American troops. That lasted a week when I was fortunately able to turn same over to the Service Command and get up to the Cape to my own outfit.

On the public square in Tunis stands the large and magnificent pro-Cathedral. I visited the Archbishop, a big friendly man, and had lunch with him. I returned to see him several times.

I later went out to visit the Cathedral of the ancient

and famed Carthage. Never in all my born days did I ever hope to be able to visit this place, made famous by the pagan Virgil, made sacred by the martyrdom of some twenty thousand Christians. Chief among the latter were Perpetua and Felicitas who were fed to the lions. That ancient amphitheatre is still standing, the lions' cage is there and also the prisoners' cage from which the two young noble martyrs were driven into the arena. Now the long, long narrow cage is a shrine with a beautiful marble altar dedicated to the memory of the two most illustrious women who gave their lives there. The Germans had desecrated this shrine and it was my happy privilege to have the place cleaned of all its debris and broken marble and reconsecrate it on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in May.

My stay at the Cape was very short, for after being there but five days orders came from Headquarters in Algiers assigning me to a newly formed Command which was being organized for the Pantelleria invasion. Back to Algiers I flew and on arriving there received permission to put up with the French Jesuit Fathers at their College instead of staying at a hotel.

Colonel Fleming, former Commanding Officer of the 41st, was forming this new Command and I saw then why I was called to be its Chaplain.

After being in the French Capital City for a week, I accepted an invitation to dinner from the Fathers and much to my distress, and that of five other Fathers, was laid up the next day and five additional days, with stomach poisoning. A cream they served for dessert had turned sour. The Command meanwhile had received orders to push on by plane to the much bombed city of Sousse on the coast, but I received a few days of grace to recuperate. On the day appointed, still quite weak, I made my way to the airport and stoutly prepared for the five hour air trip.

On arriving at Sousse I found that the Command had pitched camp in a large olive grove. With mosquito nets tied to the trees they were sleeping on the ground. That was quite rough but then the cold "c"

rations on an already weak stomach made it more so. I bought some eggs from an Arab, had them hard boiled over a Boy Scout fire, and found that they helped me more than anything else. Hardly any doctor would prescribe it.

After several days stay there we boarded an LST in the badly battered harbor on a clear moonlight night; what a perfect target we made for a raid! The Mediterranean was too rough so we stayed there that night and the next day. The following night we moved out and with a two destroyer escort headed for Pantelleria. After an eight hour trip, the Island hovered in sight about six o'clock the next morning. We went in close and found it too rough to land—it's harbor facilities had been blasted away and its waters filled with sunken craft. Out to sea we went under protection and returned to land about two o'clock that afternoon. We were surely hungry by that time as our rations had run out the night before. There was considerable difficulty getting ashore but without any casualities we made it. Just as the last man was off, three or four Jerries suddenly bolted out of the sky. They sank our supply ship, made a direct hit on the large British destroyer, shot up a Fortress that had two motors shot out while bombing over Italy, and was limping in to the airfield there, and then proceeded to dash back to their Sicilian base, but not before our ack ack brought down two of them. They crashed into the Mediterranean.

Each day and night we had continual air raid alarms, but few planes ever got through. Our patrols managed to fight them off each time.

During our stay on that well fortified (by Italians), heavily bombed, strategically situated Island the invasion of Sicily occurred, then later that of Italy. We had, as it were, a grandstand seat for it all, and watched the whole procession file by and go into action. At night our pilots would give us their story of the day's action. Four months had elapsed since we first set foot on the Island and the task of the Command had been completed. It was disbanded and we headed

back for our own outfits. Transport planes were rarely on the island those last days so in order to get off with all my Chaplain's equipment I took the first plane to land there. The plane was going to Tunis, Africa. From Tunis I flew to Sicily. We landed in Gatania, then Barcelon and finally Palermo. On reaching there I learned that the 41st was no longer operating the Airfield there, but had gone into Italy on the invasion. They had a rough time of it not knowing from one time to the other whether they would be running for the beaches or settling down in their foxholes. They settled down.

The following morning I left Palermo and headed back for Catania, remained there overnight and the following morning flew out for Italy passing over Capri and came into Monticorvino just above Paestum. We spent a few weeks there. The first night there a severe rainstorm with high winds hit the place. We were flooded out. An evacuation hospital close by, caring for over a thousand patients, had every tent blown to the ground. Under the heavy pelting rain and in the darkness of the night every patient was skillfully and safely moved to a tobacco factory about two miles away. Fortunately the Fifth Army Quartermaster was right there with plenty of dry clothing.

I would like to continue on from there and tell of the many interesting days spent in Italy so far, but the censor would hardly pass it. So far several distinct privileges have been mine. I have offered Holy Mass on the tomb of St. Matthew, the Apostle, and visited that of St. Andrew the Apostle. Stood by the remains of St. Januarius, patron of Naples, whose blood preserved in a vial liquifies several times a year. I saw the remains of St. Felix from which exudes a kind of liquor on two special days in the year. These people accept these treasures so matter-of-factly, which I dare say is only natural. They leave me speechless and I stand by in mute reverence, though I do manage to obtain the history of each and then offer my prayers of petition and thanksgiving.

Needless to say, we are looking forward to the day

when we can move into Rome and realize the dream of many a year. My Colonel accuses me of lying awake at night trying to figure how I can be the first American Chaplain into the Holy City. He says that he is keeping an eye on me so that he can be right on my heels when I go in. Well, it is not as easy as all that, as you can judge from the stories you are reading about the Cassino front and the Anzio beachhead. Your newspapers are telling you the price we are paying for Rome. Please God we will not take over a city in ruins.

But there my story ends. It is principally a chronological outline of the highlights of the past year. Much has been omitted—this by desire and also of necessity. However, as we continue on by jeep, by plane, by boat through our future campaign (s?) I pray God that the monuments and church steeples crashing in many lands, the orphaned children and homeless and hungry people crying in so many villages, towns and cities, but above all, the stalwart young men shedding so much precious blood on the battlefields of mountains, plains, and beaches may awaken the world to the fact that the only way of peace and happiness is the way of God.

"THE WANDERING JEW"

A Century After

JOSEPH E. KENNEDY, S.J.

The "Jesuit Legend" which can be summarized under the words "jesuitical" and "intrigue", and the legend of the Wandering Jew were hoary with age even by 1844. The former received its chief impulse in the *Monita Secreta of* 1614;[1] the latter began around 1602 at Leipsic.[2] The former has been believed generally and is given credence still by those who do not care to investigate facts; the latter was never intended to be taken seriously. Both tales, although remaining essentially the same, became embellished as they traveled their single paths down through the years to 1844 when Eugene Sue hit upon the happy idea of weaving the two legends together to produce his novel, *The Wandering Jew*—a work which first appeared in serial form in the French newspaper *Constitutionnel* between 1844 and 1845. It was a happy combination because the "Jesuit Legend" was once again being bruited about France and other countries and offered superabundant intrigue for the spinning of a long and endless plot; and the legend of the Wandering Jew added just that amount of symbolism and mysteriousness needed to capture popular imagination.

Popular appeal was no small item in M. Sue's calculations. The newspaper *Constitutionnel* had dwindled from 22,000 subscribers in 1830 to the shameful figure of 3720 in 1843.[3] New blood had to be pumped into it in order to save its life. Since Eugene Sue had

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[1] Martin P. Harney, S.J., *The Jesuits in History* 464-5. *Catholic Encyclopedia*, X, 487, "Monita Secreta."

[2] *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (13th ed.) XV, 362, "Wandering Jew." *Cath. Encyclopedia*, IX, 126.

[3] Alexandre Brou, *Les Jesuites de La Legende*, 236-8. E. Veuillot, *Louis Veuillot* (10th ed.) II, 33-34. Herein is also told how Louis Veuillot attacked the *Mysteries of Paris* in his paper *l'Univers*. To have his revenge Sue introduces a debauched Catholic journalist into the *Wandering Jew* under the name of M. Dumoulin, to represent Louis Veuillot.

had some success recently with his serial novel the *Mysteries of Paris* in a rival news sheet, the *Journal des Debats,* he was invited by the editor of the *Constitutionnel* to re-explore the back streets of Paris.[4] At that time the Jesuits were objects of suspicion and absurd attacks. What better device could be found to pique public curiosity and keep the reader's interest from languishing from day to day! Just how sincere Sue was in his attack upon the Jesuits is hard to say, but he professed honest intent in his book. The novel was a tremendous success. M. Sue was rocketed to the rank of well-known, if not outstanding, mid-nineteenth century French novelist and earned for himself 100,-000 francs; the paper's subscription pyramided to 25,-000 and M. Thiers, the paper's political patron, gained influence and hoped for better political success.[5] Soon the novel was put in book form, even put upon the stage, then translated and spread to all the countries of Europe. As de Ballanche said "voyageait plus rapidement que le cholera" [6] One year after the book appeared in Europe it was translated and appeared in the United States in 1846.[7]

It is not the purpose of this paper to examine into the reception which the work received by the American magazines. We are interested in what the novel is in itself. It is interesting to note, however, that the Catholic magazines, quite generally, ignored the work. In his *Review* Orestes Brownson stated that he would not review this book because no person should touch it for any other purpose than to burn it.[8] But not even all the secular magazines approved of the work; as one example we might refer the reader to a searching criticism by a Protestant in the *Southern Quarterly* for January, 1846. But that the book was spread far

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[4] Brou, *op. cit.* 238.

[5] Brou, *op. cit.* 238. E. Veuillot, op. cit. 34. Joseph Burnichon, S.J., *Histoire d'un Siecle* 1814-1914 (Paris 1916) II, 501.

[6] Brou, *op. cit.* 238.

[7] *The Wandering Jew* 2 vols. Harper and Brothers, New York 1846.

[8] *Brownson's Review* April 1846, 202-3, footnote.

and wide in this country there is no doubt. The following quotation proves very interesting:

> "On my arrival in this great country [United States] from England, one thing struck me as peculiarly remarkable; and that was the efforts made to circulate, far and wide, the **Wandering Jew.** Stopping at hotels, getting into stage coaches, or traveling by steamboat, it was all the same—the **Wandering Jew** was ubiquitous; every place that I visited, this literary pilgrim was sure to be there also, in every locality was it thrust prominently forward on the traveller's attention. The fact is, there was no escaping it, and for fifty cents, I procured myself [a copy]."[9]

That was in 1846. Since that edition there have been over a dozen other editions put out in the United States alone. Five between 1928 and 1932; the most recent in 1940:[10] Since publishers publish for a market, we must conclude that there is a substantial number of readers even today. We can only hope that these people are reading it as a literary curiosity and are not forming a serious judgment of the Society of Jesus from this diabolical attack.

In it's own day this novel had great influence. Father Pollen, S. J., even goes so far as to say that it gave final form to the "Jesuit Legend".[11] To understand the impact that the novel had upon the people of 1844-1845 we must place it in its historical setting. In attack after attack the intellectuals of the University of Paris were hammering away at the Jesuits. Eugene Sue merely took the charges from the university halls and gave them to the man-of-the-street in such a way

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[9] *Catholic Herald,* May 21, 1846 p. 164.

[10] American editions have been by G. Munro, New York, (1877); George Routledge and Sons, New York, (1889); Century Co., New York, (1903); A. W. Burt Co., New York; T. Y. Crowell, New York, (Reprinted from the original. Chapman and Hall, editors); H. M. Caldwell Co., New York and Boston.
Editions which appeared between 1928 and 1932 have been by Princeton Series, Burt Co.; Columbia Series, 2 vols., Burt Co.; Home Library, Burt Co.; Donohue National Library edition, Bigelow, Brown and Co.
The most recent and *almost* complete translation of the original is *Wandering Jew,* Modern Library Series, Macmillan in Toronto. Random House, Inc., New York, 1940.

[11] *Cath. Ency.* XIV, 105 "Society of Jesus."

that he could understand and enjoy them. All realize that novels usually teach better than learned brochures. Dicken's portrayal of English poverty is more memorable than any text of Economic History. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* aroused more sentiment than Birney's speeches. *Grapes of Wrath* awoke us to the share-cropper's plight more readily than government reports. So too the *Wandering Jew* made those "terrible Jesuits" live and walk the streets of Paris, nay of the world. Whether the *Wandering Jew* should rate a place in French Literature we leave to the critics; quite commonly it is denied such an honor by the French themselves. But that is not to deny that the work was an important element in one large, almost global, attack upon the Society of Jesus.

How were the Jesuits faring when this novel held them up to ridicule? Let us see the historical background in France.

Although the Society was restored in 1814, the return of the Jesuits to France progressed slowly. Tallyrand had the idea of bringing them back in order to help education, but Louis XVIII refused. Nevertheless, although legally non-existent, many bishops put them in charge of their petits seminaires and used them to give missions among the people of the countryside. From 1819 to 1926 the Jesuits of France suffered many attacks, but despite all impediments, in the latter year they had two novitiates, 2 residences and eight colleges (petits seminaires).[12]

Two years later they were challenged again and ultimately Charles X deprived them of the eight institutions of learning. In 1830, after mob attacks on their houses, the Jesuits withdrew from France, only to return as soon as possible and do heroic work during the cholera of 1832. Soon they were able to go about France with greater liberty. And one of their

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[12] Max Heimbucker, *Die Orden und Kongregationen der Katholischen Kirche* (Zweiter band), Paderborn 1934, 208.

number, Father De Ravignan, attained to great prominence as Preacher at Notre Dame. If one is looking for the main source of this attack on the Society during these years, we need only mention the Liberal Party—a strange coalition of elements who seemed united only on one question, namely attacking the Church and Religion.

In 1841 and 1842 real open warfare was waged. The Liberals, who were in charge of the University of Paris, had had a complete monopoly on French education since 1808. The Catholic bishops now became excited over this educational monopoly for it was a serious threat to religion due to the Indifferentism and eclectic philosophy of the University leaders. Although only indirectly concerned, the Jesuits were presumed to be the chief instigators of this resurgence of Catholic and Episcopal pressure. Immediately the men of the University rose to protect their monopoly and drew in a large circle of supporters. But rather than argue the merits of the educational dispute they shifted to the easier task of attacking the Jesuits.

Quinet and Michelet, professors of the University of Paris, transformed their lectures into diatribes against the Jesuits. Then they wrote *Des Jésuites* which charged that the Jesuits sinned against liberty and the intellectual life of the nation, that their Constitutions enshrined their policy of freezing human thought and destroying the souls of men, family and nation. Books and pamphlets of this sort poured from the press. To list part of the galaxy on this side we have Quinet, Michelet, Cousin, Thiers, Genin, Dupin, Villemain, Saint-Beuve and others. The Jesuits answered these charges. Pere Cahour wrote *Des Jésuites par un Jésuite.* And in January 1844 Father De Ravignan S. J., published the more famous *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuites.* This work sold 25,000 copies in 1844 and was applauded by such defenders of the Jesuits as Dupanloup and Montalembert. Others

who rallied to the defense of the Society were Veuillot, Cardinal de Bonald.[13]

It was into this sea of controversy that M. Sue tossed his novel. While the professors were catering to the intellectuals, Sue began to amuse the masses and, no doubt, the intellectuals as well. Sue accepted the facts presented by the intellectuals as proved. He claimed to base his novel on facts proved by texts subjected to searching investigation—texts that justified theft, adultery and murder. To these he gave flesh and blood, showing what Jesuits would be like if they lived up to the abominable spirit of their Constitutions. Ultimately Sue's purpose was the suppression and destruction of the Society.[14]

The immediate effect of this concerted attack was that in 1845 Thiers had the Deputies vote to ask the Government to suppress the Jesuits. The Minister, Guizot, seeking to bring about peace, asked the Pope to suppress them. Gregory XVI refused. But in order to prevent greater evil Father Roothan had the Society go into voluntary retirement, i. e. dissolve a few of the larger houses and change the location of a few residence.[15]

As we have indicated, the novel takes its name from the legendary tale of the Wandering Jew. According to this tale, when Our Lord was weary from the weight of His cross as He strode toward Calvary, He wished to rest on a stone bench before the house of a Jewish artisan named Ahasuerus. The Jew drove Him on with curses. Jesus replied, "Thou shalt wander on the earth until I return." It was punishment for the deed and Ahasuerus did wander for eighteen centuries—ever onward, onward, no surcease. Sue

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[13] Burnichon, *op. cit.* chap. 9. J. Cretineau-Joly, *Histoire Religieuse, Politique et Litteraire de la Compagnie de Jesus.* troisieme edition) vol. 6, chap. VII.
B.N. *The Jesuits, Their Foundation and History* II, 304-315. Raymond Corrigan, S.J. "The Jesuits and Liberalism a Century Ago" *The Historical Bulletin,* November, 1941, 5 ff.

[14] Indications of this are found in *Wandering Jew,* H. M. Caldwell Co. N.Y. vol. 3b, chap. XXXVII. *Wandering Jew,* Modern Library Ed. 1940. Part II, 685-6.

[15] *Heimbucker, op. cit.* 208. Burnichon, *op. cit.* chap. XII.

adds a new element to this story. He makes Herodias who urged her daughter to ask for the head of John the Baptist, the sister of Ahasuerus. And for her sin she is condemned to a similar fate. The two wander over the face of the earth for eighteen centuries, permitted to meet but once every century on the shores of the Bering Sea. The Rennepont family, whom the novel portrays as the chief objects of Jesuit intrigue, are descendants of the Wandering Jew and Sister. By this thin link Sue formed the title for his book. The legendary figures play a minor role in the story, occasionally intervening in the action in *deus ex machina* fashion, and otherwise serving as a vague symbol of the restless striving that is the lot of artisans and humanity. In Sue's portrayal the Jew and sister find a welcome grave only after all their descendants come to grief at the hands of the Jesuits. Such was the price God demanded to remove the curse put upon them.

The Story

In 1682 Marcus de Rennepont, descendant of the Wandering Jew, pretended to be a Catholic in order to save his fortune from confiscation. The Jesuits, through sacramental confession, learned of his secret relapse into Protestantism and revealed this to the King, thereby meriting for themselves Renneport's confiscated property. This gentleman was able to sequester 150,000 francs which he entrusted to a Jewish family to invest at compounded interest for 150 years. Then it was to be divided among all his descendants. With this huge fortune these descendants would be able to form an order or association for benevolent and philanthropic purposes and forever oppose the order of evil, i. e., the Society of Jesus. During those 150 years the Jesuits kept an accurate record of all the Renneports, never for once relinquishing their claim to the money. Five months before the day on which the descendants were to meet on the Rue St. Francois to hear the terms of the will and collect the money, February 13, 1832, our story

opens. There are only seven Renneponts alive and they are spread over the earth, in Russia, India, America and France: (1) Rose and Blanche Simon, fifteen-year-old twins, raised in exile in Siberia, now in the care of an old Napoleonic soldier, Dagobert; (2) Mr. Francis Hardy, forty years old, manufacturer near Paris, owner of a factory where modern social reform had been introduced; (3) Prince Djalma, eighteen years old, deposed from his Indian throne; (4) James Rennepont, workman, drunkard and debauchee in Paris; (5) Adrienne de Cardoville, nearly twenty-one, beautiful, wealthy, in Paris; (6) Father Gabriel Rennepont, twenty-five, Jesuit missionary to America, man of solid virtue and a near martyr.

All these had to be present on February 13, 1832 at the Rue St. Francois or forfeit their claim. It was the plan of the Jesuits to keep all from arriving on time, except Father Gabriel, then the entire fortune would be theirs, thanks to Gabriel's vow of poverty. The book now describes one intrigue after another with Jesuits and Jesuitesses and their agents all over the globe conspiring to detain these people. The Jesuit directing all these operations and receiving daily reports from his agents is Father d'Aigrigny. His secretary is Father Rodin, who like all Jesuits, obeys without asking the motive or reason, mute and passive as a corpse in the hands of his superior. Men who allow their wills to be scooped out, left as lifeless lumps of clay.[16] Men who spy not only on others but also on one another and send their report to the Father General in Rome.

But will the Renneponts get to their destination on time? Or will the Jesuits succeed in their plotting?

Rose and Blanche, two beautiful and innocent girls, are on their way to Paris from Siberia under the protection of a friend, faithful Dagobert. To hinder them, the Jesuits have Morok, a bloodthirsty animal trainer, steal their passports, their money, kill their horse and have them thrown into prison. Sue, a firm believer in

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[16] *Wandering Jew*, H. M. Caldwell Co. vol. I. par tone, p. 280.

the art of contrast, pictures Morok a hundred times more cruel than the animals he trains. The Wandering Jew's sister appears and releases them from prison. Still that does not frustrate the Jesuits, who succeed in getting the confessor of the lady in whose house they lodge in Paris to so work on her conscience that she agrees to place them secretly in a convent. The confessor persuades her that this is the only way that the girls, who do not know any religion, can save their souls. Distraught, but seeking God's will, she agrees and the twins are taken to a convent, unknown to Dagobert. They are thus detained and are not present on the appointed day. Incidentally this gives M. Sue an excellent opportunity to expand on the evils of convents. And he does not fail us.

To trace the interminable plotting to keep Prince Djalma from reaching Paris is impossible. He succeeds in leaving India, or really Batavia where he now lives, although the Jesuits thought they had prevented him. After a shipwreck he arrives in Paris. But he is not present on February 13th because the Jesuits had recourse to narcotics.

Adrienne de Cardoville, a lady of means and charitable to all in need is ultimately kidnapped by her trusted physician, a secret Jesuit, and placed in an institution for the insane. Thanks to the laws of France she cannot be released in time.

James Rennepont the Jesuits are able to seduce to a life of merriment, drink and a mistress. They lend him money which he spends on feasts and orgies. Then the day of payment arrives and he is cast into debtor's prison. He too is out of the way.

Mr. Hardy is not trapped by such coarse snares. His friendship for his fellow man is imposed upon. A very dear friend, another secret Jesuit, summons him to his aid and Mr. Hardy goes, willingly sacrificing all for a friend in need when he sees that he will not be in Paris on the appointed day.

So on February 13, 1832 only one Rennepont is present at the Rue of St. Francois, Father Gabriel, the Jesuit, whom his superiors have brought home

from the American mission in order to collect his inheritance for them. But all is not well. Father Gabriel has seen the machinations of his order, their treachery and deceit, and announces that he wishes to be released from his vows. Abbé d'Aigrigny and Father Rodin must work fast or all will be lost. They accuse Gabriel of seeking release in order to get the money and to prove them wrong he makes a legal disposition of the legacy in favor of the Jesuits. The plot is a little weak at this point. At any rate they are about to collect the money when the sister of the Wandering Jew appears and discloses an unknown codicil of the will which states that the disposition of the money is to be postponed for three and a half months. By means of this simple *deus ex machina* the plotting of the Jesuits must begin all over again. We thus find ourselves after 750 pages at the equivalent of the first page.

At this point Abbé Rodin takes complete charge. The methods used, heretofore, have been coarse—imprisonment, narcotics, etc. Radin, arch villian of the story, will now plot with the most subtle cunning. Never an untoward act, always work on the minds of the victims, have them destroy themselves. Rodin will ingratiate himself with the six Renneponts, even denounce the Jesuits, expose their craftiness and thus lead these people to their doom. This time all six will be dead in the remaining three and a half months.

James Rennepont, released from prison, is gotten under the influence of the animal trainer, Morok, The Jesuits thus open up a road of foolish joys, unrestrained pleasures and debauches. He dies in the midst of an orgy in a drunken state and stricken by cholera.

Mr. Hardy had a friendship—that friendship is deceived. He had a love—that love is broken; finally even his factory is burned by a mob excited to the act by a Jesuit preacher. Overwhelmed by all these sorrows, he sinks into the arms of Rodin who pretends to befriend him and give him shelter at the Jesuit Retreat House. Slowly the Jesuits work on his mind until he desires obscurity and complete quiet—ulti-

mately this free-thinker even asks to be admitted into the Church and to take the vows of the Society (which the Jesuits allow in the case of death, in order to inherit more property). Soon, after a life of maceration and penance, he contracts fever and dies. Only four remain.

Rose and Blanche Simon are told that their governess has contracted the cholera. Madame de Saint-Dizier, a Jesuitess (and Eugene Sue tells us that these are to be feared even more than Jesuits), visits them and persuades them that since their mother died without the last sacraments, one way that they may secure her immediate release from purgatory is to practice charity and care for their governess during her illness. This they set out to do, but contract cholera and die themselves.

Adrienne de Cardoville and Prince Djalma are madly in love with each other. Rodin uses this and sows jealousy between them. Then comes one of the greatest scenes of treachery in the book. Djalma' half-breed friend, Faringhea, who has become a secret Jesuit, leads the Prince to a secret rendezvous and pretends to show him Adrienne meeting a rival lover. In anger he falls upon both these people and kills them. But now he can not stand living without Adrienne; he returns to her chamber and takes poison. At this moment Adrienne enters the room; they thus discover the tricks of the Jesuits. Adrienne rather than live alone (shades of Romeo and Juliet!) takes poison also. With their death all the Renneponts are dead, save for Father Gabriel. But he has made his legal deposition long since and is no source of trouble for the Jesuits. Rodin prepares to collect the money but upon leaving the house he, too, is poisoned all unknown to himself—with a poison wafted on the air. The Jewish keeper of the money counts it out, places it in a metal box. In the meantime Rodin becomes violently ill. Nontheless, the Jesuit *socius* draws forth letters which state that Rodin is deposed from office, is to be placed under constant surveillance. But Rodin is not to be outwitted. He likewise produces papers

from Rome, more recent papers, which announce that he has been elected General of the Society of Jesus. From this post he has hopes of being put upon the Throne of Peter, for with this large Rennepont fortune he can bribe the electors. Once Pope he intends to elevate the Jesuits to rulers of the whole Church. He now reaches for the money only to find it burning. Rather than permit it to fall into Jesuit hands the Jew has destroyed this huge fortune. All is lost. And at this moment Rodin falls dead from the poison.

The story then hastens to a close. The Wandering Jew and his sister are meeting for the last time on earth. They foretell the death of Father Gabriel. This occurs and the terrible price demanded for their deeds is paid—all the Rennepont descendants are dead. As the Wandering Jew and sister die they predict the end of the reign of the Jesuits—false priests, pharisees who blaspheme the name of Jesus by thus giving it to their organization. Humanity wlil at last be free.

In such a long work, 1500 pages, in which every detail is developed at length, it is inevitable that much has been omitted in this compression of the plot. Certainly the sweep of the story is lost and the forceful portrayal of the Abbe Rodin is entirely lost. Rodin, the main character of the story, is by far the best drawn character, and it is hard to imagine that any reader can ever forget Rodin whenever they think of the sinister and plotting Jesuits.

Before ending, we ought to bring out some of the attacks on the Society in more detail. These details are chiefly side remarks that merely add color to the story and do not enter the plot as such.

From this novel the Society of Jesus emerges as an order composed of male and female, priests and laymen, who sometimes use even innocent people to accomplish their aims. Jesuits obey without asking for reasons, a command is sufficient, they are mute and passive in the hands of their superiors.[17] Their principles of espionage are carried out not only against

[17] *ibid.*, vol. II, part one, p. 170.

the enemy, but even against one another. They are never to have a door locked or closed so that another Jesuit cannot behold their actions. Each Jesuit is constantly watched, even superiors are closely observed and secret reports are sent to Rome on every one. Similar practices are inculcated into their pupils, who likewise must go in groups of threes, never in twos. If Jesuits are in the field of education it is merely to get control of the youth and entire nation; and unfortunately their educational system is homicidal—it destroys all will, all thought, all liberty and all intelligence.

How do the Jesuits get recruits? By deceit. Such was the way that they got Father Gabriel. Although it is true that they may leave the noviate before pronouncing the vows, observe how they removed such a possibility in the case of Gabriel. Exhausted and overcome by months of anxiety and trial, utterly prostrate upon his bed and incapable of any motion, the superior entered his cell and asked, "Do you wish to leave? If you desire it, rise and go forth—you are free to do so". Unable to move and soul distraught, Gabriel pronounces the vows of the Society there and then.[18] Jesuits, Sue tells us, are always to be found at the death bed of the rich, seeking to gain a legacy. They hold valuable property and make much more money by selling pious articles, books, e.g., one book was a shameful story about the delivery of the Blessed Mother. They run lottery wheels and one such even had a statue of the Blessed Virgin upon it.[19] If you wish to pay the required fee, they will give you permission to eat meat on Friday. Sacramental confession is their great weapon against mankind and they observe no secrets. The most shameful books are placed in the hands of their seminarians; by that Sue refers to Moral Theology books and he quotes from them to show how they justify murder, adultery, robbery and suicide!

But Jesuits are devilishly clever. They have a type

[18] *ibid.*, vol. II, part one, p. 229.

[19] *ibid.*, vol. III, part one, chap. XVI, pp. 175-187.

of man for every conceivable work. If they need the gaunt ascetic for one work or if they need the fat jolly type, they have them all.

The principles of Liberalism are clearly stamped on the book. There is no supernatural. Whatever is called supernatural will ultimately be explained by science. Catholics owe allegiance, we are told, first to Rome, then to France; and seek to get control of the world. Confession is ridiculed; and even Father Gabriel, who is pictured as the finest type of priest, does not believe in it. In a word all the noble characters of the book do not believe in religion or are indifferent to it; all the despicable characters are Catholics.

It would be wrong to suppose that the book does not have other important didactic elements, but we have suppressed them in this paper, for they are minor compared to the attack upon the Jesuits. Sue exploited the then prevalent interest in social reforms, in the amelioration of laboring conditions, the elevation of the lower classes. He paints the intolerable lot of the working class, recommends a program for profit-sharing and communal living, such as Mr. Hardy introduced into his factory. The abuses of certain institutions are attacked, such as the asylums for the insane and religious convents. But all these are submerged in a rushing torrent of melodramatic blood and jesuitical thunder.

It is hard to imagine how someone who reads this work and knows nothing about Jesuits could come away without an instinctive fear of all Jesuits. Jesuits are everywhere waiting to pounce on everyone; even your best friend may be a secret Jesuit. Nevertheless for some people the story is overdrawn, Jesuits are painted too black and they want to see for themselves what horrible monsters these men are. We can only hope that many modern readers are led to such investigation. We can do no better than to end this depressing account with two stories told or quoted by Father Burnichon, S.J. A law student upon completing the book wanted to see one of these men for himself. He called upon one of the Jesuit Fathers and

after that was so impressed that he sought to be admitted into the Young Men's Soladity. The second story is even more remarkable. A student of l'Ecole Polytechnique read Sue's novel and he, too, wanted to see such men in the flesh. The result was that he himself became a Jesuit. His name was Pere Etienne Legouis and he died on June 7, 1904. Even the *Wandering Jew* has produced some good fruit.[20]

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[20] Burnichon, *op. cit.* 503, footnote. It is interesting to note that a certain John Fairplay, An English Protestant, translated the novel from the French and became so disgusted with it that he wrote a novel wherein the Wandering Jew himself refutes Sue's charges. It is entitled *Notes of the Wandering Jew on the Jesuits and Their Opponents*, London 1845.

SCRANTON UNIVERSITY

The Beginnings and First Year

FERDINAND C. WHEELER, S. J.

On Tuesday, July 7, 1942, at 1:15 in the afternoon, two Jesuits rather the worse for a long and hot ride stood on the steps of the Lackawanna Station in Scranton trying to get a taxi to carry them and some bags and two typewriters to the Bishop's residence. There that evening they were to be elected to membership on the Board of Trustees of the University of Scranton and to take over the University for the Society of Jesus. Their first welcome to Scranton really came from a Sister of the Immaculate Heart who was also waiting for a taxi. She asked the Fathers if they were strangers to the city and on being told they were Father Nevils and Father Wheeler, Jesuits, exclaimed—as many were to do in the coming weeks and months—"Oh! how welcome to Scranton!" and other benedictions that made our hearts feel good within us. We had come to stay.

At the Bishop's house rooms were waiting for us and we were soon made comfortable and asked to stay there as long as we wished; in fact, we were urged to stay until our own house was ready for us at the Scranton Estate, which was to be the Faculty House of the University. But other plans were ours and on the next morning at 8:30 a corps of workers were already preparing three rooms and beginning the two months' task of getting the Scranton Estate set up as the home of Ours in Scranton. It was an interesting task from start to finish and involved meeting many people, but it was hard work and tried one's patience a great deal.

Two weeks previously three of Ours had been to Scranton and talked with the Bishop and some priests, looked over the situation, inspected the school buildings and the future faculty house, made certain decisions and, after arranging with the Bishop the

method of taking over the assets and liabilities of the University, had left to pack up at home and come back on July 7, to stay for better or for worse. Father Nevils and Father Wheeler, Rector and Minister respectively, and Father McKeon, Dean, had each attended to his particular part of the arrangements and gathered much useful knowledge of the situation facing them.

The Bishop's announcement that the Society was replacing the Christian Brothers had been made on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 12, and the Brothers who had been located in Scranton that school year had left the city on June 15 for other fields. The first accelerated course in the University had opened on June 16 with the Registrar, Mr. Frank O'Hara, in charge and a faculty of lay teachers doing the teaching. On June 24 when the three Jesuits arrived to look over the situation the school was in full progress and not a Christian Brother left in the school. Of course, we were objects of wonderment to all, students, business people and general public.

The Brothers' former residence next to the college building was vacant and void of all household effects and not a thing was found in the Scranton Estate except some pieces of furniture, much of it very fine, and some really valuable antiques, which the Scranton family had not cared to remove from their former home, after making a selection of what they did desire. These items the Bishop had purchased for a certain consideration as useful to the future occupants, if any; at that time it had not yet been decided that the Estate was to be used as a faculty house. Of dishes, kitchenware and other things needed by a Jesuit community of 20, there was nothing in sight. For a week we took meals outside and said Mass in a convent or in the Cathedral. Then we went to a five-and-ten store and bought a few cheap knives, etc., and began housekeeping in an empty house with breakfast the only meal served for over a month. Lunch was picnic style and it soon became a nuisance to eat.

The Scranton Estate had been vacant for five years

or more, except for the occasional use of some first floor rooms by Mr. Scranton and some meetings held there now and then. When we arrived three students were living there as guardians of the place and we put them on the top floor, while Father Nevils and Father Wheeler and Brother Klinke took quarters on the second floor. The boys left after a week and went down to the Brothers residence next to the school. The Scranton Estate was soiled and blackened by the dust and dirt of the nearby railroad but under that dirt was a well built mansion dating back to 1872. It had been largely modernized in 1900 and the succeeding years. Brother Mahlmeister from Inisfada and Brother Klinke of Wernersville were sent to help in the adaptation of the house for our use and if ever miracles were wrought by any of our Brothers these two should be counted as the foremost wonder-workers of the Province. Brother Mahlmeister did the cabinet work, the library and the chapel, while Brother Klinke did the building of new rooms and whatever pertained to the building trade. They were both with us until after the community arrived—beginning September 1, 1942—and the comfortable house Ours found was due to the fine planning of these Brothers and their hard and continuous work.

Brother Abram from Woodstock came for a week of listing and buying the smaller things, table ware, kitchen ware, etc. In company with Father Minister, in a most terrible heat wave, he visited about every store in Scranton and sought with success the articles needed—some in one store and some in another, for in no one store could we find enough of the smaller articles for table and kitchen. Only by continual scouting about did we find all the things we thought a Jesuit household should have. The week following was delightfully cool—what luck to have had such a hot week for this buying, morning, afternoon, and evening!

The war, of course, had created a scarcity but the fact that thousands had deserted Scranton for war work in other centers helped. Some stores had a few

things left which in more popular centers where war workers were making big wages had long since disappeared. By a miracle we found an electric refrigerator which, we were told, was not "frozen" by government regulations. It had been bought a year ago and found too large for delivery to the place for which it had been ordered since it could not be gotten into the establishment. It had never been used and was offered us at a reduction, paid for at once on installation and then, when it was working fine for us, the salesman was reprimanded for selling it. But fortunately it was ours now and "frozen" by us and could not be removed from our house. There is more than one meaning to the term frozen. Even an electric vacuum cleaner was secured, as if by a miracle, and so of other household furniture common to all our houses which in more crowded cities would have been impossible of purchase. Evidently St. Joseph was on our side and we opened up in September with the house well furnished from toothpicks to anchors, though at such a distance from the coast we found we did not need any anchors or oars.

Our property in Scranton is situated in two different localities. The faculty house, known as the Scranton Estate, is at a distance of six blocks from the downtown section where the school buildings are situated. This Scranton Residence had been given to the Bishop of Scranton in November, 1941, in trust for the University. Built in 1872 by the grandfather of the present Mr. Worthington Scranton—the present head of the Scrantons for whom the city was long ago named—it is surrounded by four and a half acres of beautiful lawn enclosed in a high wall of cut stone blocks. It was the home of Mr. Scranton's parents and only on the death of his mother was the house closed. Mr. Scranton had built for his immediate family a beautiful residence at Dalton, some miles from the city, in the high hill section up by Clarks Summit.

When Mr. Scranton donated this property to the University through the intermediary of the Bishop the

city sat up and took notice—for here was a non-Catholic and the most well known citizen of Scranton giving away to the Catholics for educational purposes one of the landmarks of the city. Just what the Brothers were intending to do with this property we have only hearsay; but, for ourselves, all were of one opinion and that was that it could best serve us as a faculty home, sufficiently and comfortably removed from the college buildings and the only place possible for the faculty of about twenty which we planned on from the beginning. The Brothers' residence just next to the school was too small for us, as it had been for the Brothers. They numbered only twelve and had room for no more. So we decided on the Scranton Estate as the faculty house, and wisely, as time has proved. It may be added that Mr. and Mrs. Scranton and their relatives who have visited the house are delighted that it is being used for its present purpose and like the way we have disposed of the arrangements and particularly that we have a chapel. They are non-Catholics but they like the thought that its use is a religious one, for they really love the old house.

The house is of cut stone, three stories in height, with a basement. In shape it is almost square, with mansard roof, and beautiful wood work throughout. The beautifully carved staircase is in the very center and from this staircase the rooms open on all sides. The basement contains a spacious cellar with storerooms, and on the first floor, besides a large parlor, there is a library and chapel, the latter made from a reception room, and a spacious dining room, sun parlor, fine kitchen and two pantries. A porch opens on the parlor, and is of stone. This can be enclosed at will by large moveable shutters. One living room is on the first floor. The second and third floors contain all the living rooms and by dividing an unused storeroom on the third floor into three very comfortable and sizeable rooms, and making another room at the end of a corridor where there were two windows, we succeeded in providing twenty-one living rooms. The library is well distributed on the three floors. The

recreation room opposite the present chapel, was the library of the Scranton family. Beautifully carved wood and built-in bookcases make it a gem. In a section of the basement a very devotional chapel with three altars has been built. The laundry was turned into a pool room. In two nooks on the third floor two altars have been set up so that, in all, we have five altars besides the community chapel altar.

The grounds around our house are planted with some beautiful trees. There is a tennis court and croquet court and walks and lawn for outdoor exercise, or for a stroll with the breviary. Some few, of course, would find the Lackawanna railroad a noisy neighbor but aside from a casual interest in railroad shifting, etc., one rarely hears Ours speak of the noise; in fact, one soon forgets the presence of the trains. Mr. Scranton reserved for himself a part of the grounds where he has his offices in an old stable which is now renovated and does not look like a stable at all. This part also contains a flower house, gardens of flowers and a neat little stone building, two stories high and built in 1928, which houses a squash court of which Mr. Scranton makes frequent use for, although 68 years of age, he yet plays tennis and indulges in squash court play and other manly exercises. This part of the grounds still owned by Mr. Scranton is kept in excellent condition and Mr. Scranton and we use the same gate entrance and our relations, of course, are most friendly. Someday, God willing, we may receive this section of the grounds also for Mr. Scranton is very favorably disposed to us and much interested in the progress of the University.

Adjacent to the Scranton Estate grounds we also own other property that came to us with the gift of the Scranton home. On one side of our property toward the Lackawanna Station and outside our wall on Platt Place we have three houses built on eight lots. Two of the houses are rented and a third held in reserve for some probable use we may have for it. At one of our opposite corners at the intersection of Monroe Avenue and Linden Street we own two of the

corners—very large lots, each with a frontage of 150 feet on Linden Street, and since our coming to Scranton a friend has given us four other adjacent lots so that we now hold a frontage of 300 feet on one side of Linden Street. Just opposite one of our gate entrances (we have two entrances on Monroe Avenue) is situated the Lackawanna Historical Society. This is housed in the Catlin estate and is a very worthy neighbor, both from our point of view and from theirs, since they wished their property protected by association with us and got one of their friends who is also our attorney to purchase for us as a gift the four lots mentioned above. Just what use we can make of all these holdings is not clear now but at least should we wish to expand in this section we have some property on which to do so.

The college buildings on Wyoming Avenue are in the center of the city and in the same block with the Cathedral and the Episcopal Residence. At the corner of Wyoming Avenue and Linden Street is the Cathedral and next to it, to the east, is the Bishop's Residence and Chancery Office. Next comes the main college building, built in 1888 as the corner stone indicates and dedicated to "Sancto Thomae Aquinati Conf. et Doct." This is a three story building with basement, not too prepossessing and rather run down, although improvements were made as late as 1935. Next to this building and only separated by ten feet is the three story building now known as La Salle Hall—a name given to it by us to perpetuate the memory of the Brothers' long and meritorious work done here through 45 years. This building had been the Brothers' Residence. It is well built and good in appearance but small, as it housed only twelve Brothers. It is now used as an Administration Building, Father Rector's office being there, and a parlor, and, on the second floor, several faculty offices including the Spiritual Counsellor's Office. The Brothers' chapel we have turned into a students' chapel with daily Mass and the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Here the Sodality meets, May Devotions and other spiritual

activities are held. The seating capacity is about fifty and it is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. For devotions such as First Friday Mass and the ordinary Friday Masses we use the basement of the school building—such was its use in the Brothers' time—and on holy days an overflow Mass at 12:05 is held there. This has long been the custom of the Cathedral parish.

When we first came here in July, 1942, there was an ugly frame building on a plot next to the Brothers' Residence. It was known as the Freshman Building and contained five class rooms, but what rooms! This we were able to take down when we had made renovations in the Thompson Hospital building at the corner of Wyoming Avenue and Mulberry Street. This Thompson Hospital was a private hospital built about forty years ago and purchased by the Bishop of Scranton in September, 1941, for the University's expansion. To its original four stories two more had been added later, making the building look worse, though of course giving more rooms. In this building we began, in November, 1942, to house classes and faculty offices, cafeteria and rooms for the Aviation Cadets after we had cleaned it up and spent about $20,000 in improvements. Just how we succeeded in getting materials and persuading officers to let us do it in this age of priorities will always be a wonder. Out of very dirty and disgusting disrepair we made the old hospital look like something and called it "The Annex" —for want of a better name at the time and because the Bishop did not like the name "Hafey Hall' that some had given it before our arrival and without his approval.

In the rear of the Brothers' Residence, now La Salle Hall, was a boys' club—called the Cathedral Boys' Club—an old stable built of brick which years ago had been turned into this club. When we arrived the club rooms were on the second floor and the Freshman Chemistry Laboratory on the first. The boys moved out upon our arrival and now the entire building is devoted to college uses. Faculty offices are there, and storerooms, and the enlargement of the chemistry de-

partment may be planned. One other ramshackle building, on Mulberry Street next to the hospital building and styled "Nurses Home," was vacant and falling down. We applied acceleration and had it down in quick order. Scranton applauded our move; our insurance premiums dropped. A fire hazard was removed.

One of the uses we have made of the Administration Building (La Salle Hall) is that of using the kitchen and dining room there for the faculty noonday lunch. Nobody is home at the Estate on school days; no lunch is served at home except on Saturday and Sunday and holidays; and these days of accelerated courses admit of few holidays even between terms. The third floor of La Salle Hall is used for Ours, to afford some privacy for washing up between classes and for changing from street dress to the cassock.

The University Library is on the third floor of the college building and, though rather confined for space, is well stocked with books and manned by a staff of three Librarians. This is the home office of *Best Sellers*—a magazine edited by our own Librarian, Mr. Eugene Willging, who is very active in Catholic Library work and has brought us into some prominence before the whole country. This before and since our coming. The books in the library have been well selected and the magazine section, both of current and bound magazines, would do credit to a larger institution.

When we came to Scranton the University had a large corps of lay teachers—in fact, too many lay teachers and too few Religious teachers. One or two diocesan priests were also on the staff. Our teaching began with more Jesuits on the staff than there had ever been Brothers active in the school. Gradually the lay teachers have decreased in number, for two reasons: financial on our part and the war calls on theirs. But much is due the lay teachers for their enthusiastic work at Scranton and they were ever loyal workers. They showed to us, as they had done to the Brothers,

great loyalty and they worked in a self-sacrificing way for the school.

In 1940-1941 there were over 500 day students and a like number of night school students. This had decreased in 1941-1942 and on our taking over we knew not what to expect. For this reason, with a great number leaving Scranton and the valley for war jobs elsewhere and with the city fast becoming a ghost town, our coming could not have been at a more unpropitious time. Yet this was what gained us the goodwill and affection of so many priests and people—our confidence in the future of Scranton. It acted like a tonic on the citizens. Business men not of our faith welcomed us gladly and enthusiastically and openly proclaimed that our coming to Scranton was the greatest thing that had happened in years for Scranton's good. The Bishop, of course, had asked us to come. It had been a hope in the minds of many for years—the Jesuits are coming to Scranton some day. In fact Bishop Hoban, we are told by reliable witnesses, had the custom at each yearly graduation, since the world war at least, of congratulating the Brothers and the students on their splendid work and then adding "some day I hope to have the Jesuits come and take over." Many wished for it; many prayed for it but it had been talked of so long with no result that some ceased to believe it could happen.

The transfer became Bishop Hafey's own idea shortly after he had studied the situation, upon his becoming the Ordinary of Scranton about five years ago. The Brothers cheerfully accepted the change as they had labored here for 45 years and still could not supply sufficient manpower. Moreover, the financial condition of the school even when they had 1100 students was still, for some reason, a financial muddle.

With our coming and the donation of the entire assets to us we find ourselves in absolute control of the school's destiny. The Society is running the school, and not a board of trustees composed of the Bishop, some priests and laymen—and while there was a mortgage on our holdings of $148,000 our assets in build-

ings, property and contents amounts to over $900,000 and this is ours to use and to improve and to struggle with. There is also a large contribution of the utmost in good will from Catholics and non-Catholics alike. And that is a great help.

The affection of the Bishop and priests for us can be shown in two particulars that are proof of their general attitude. First of all, we have been given the use of the Cathedral for any occasion when we need it—for instance, the students retreat, First Friday Mass, and graduation Mass with sermon. Then, at the official opening of the school under our direction, on September 23, 1942, the Mass of the Holy Ghost was made the occasion for an official welcome to the diocese. The Mass was solemnly celebrated in the Cathedral by three Jesuit sons of the diocese, in the presence of the Bishop and of about 150 priests in cassock and surplice who marched in the procession. The Bishop preached a masterful sermon on Catholic education and on the Jesuit system in particular and he publicly thanked us for coming to the diocese. Following the Mass there was a reception at the Scranton Estate for the Bishop and priests and at least 140 were present and met us all in a most cordial gathering. The Vicar General who has been most friendly to us, and is now the Auxiliary Bishop, remarked that he had never seen at one gathering such a representative throng of priests, representing all the eighteen different nationalities here in the diocese. Besides, there were present several priests of different rites which pleased the Bishop and us immensely. To get all these different priests interested in one common aim is something very dear to the Bishop's heart.

In September, 1942, when we took over the teaching after the first accelerated term held in the summer, we just did not know what to expect. Men were being called to the Armed Forces daily and how many students could we expect? To our surprise we had 440 registered before the end of the month and we held on to that number until the end of January, 1943. As to the payment of tuition we experienced no difficulty at

all. The Dean laid down the principle that none could enter the school in any course whatever until after the payment of at least $50.00, with the balance payable in two or three installments before December 1. This worked well; none objected. Yet this had been the cause of the Brothers' greatest difficulties—the collection of tuition charges. The result of our policy was that for the first time, it seems, in the history of the school there appeared a favorable operating balance at the end of our first six months. No reduction in tuition had been granted at all. Whereas the Brothers had granted ten scholarships each year and we found ourselves with forty such scholarship students, we decided to grant no further ones and the retirements for military service and the graduation in January, 1943, soon brought this feature to proper proportions in a school of 400 students.

January, 1943, saw 72 seniors graduating. Our second term began with 353 students on February 1, 1943, but before February was gone over 45 had been called by the Army or Navy and until Easter the rate averaged one daily. On May 28, when the Spring Term ended, we had 268 students on the rolls and the outlook for students was bad for the third term which was slated to begin on June 14, 1943. At the opening of each term we received new Freshmen, of course, and on June 17 we had 213 registered, including some special students for the summer school. There was also the Aviation Cadet Course whose number rose to 100 at times and in both Winter and Spring Terms we had the evening school averaging about 130 at each term. Thus we were able to teach and to live without the sheriff knocking too often at our door for bills unpaid.

The attendance at present fluctuates and none knows what the morrow may bring to the University of Scranton. Whatever the story may be for the years following this much is certain: rarely have Ours shown such optimism as has reigned among the faculty at Scranton. None has sat down to deplore the march of events; all have continually girded themselves to meet difficulties as they arose and all have been willing

to do their utmost, and have really done it to make this last and final venture of the Maryland-New York Province a real success and to hand it over to the restored Province of Maryland, on July 2, 1943, as a healthy young college. It is the least indeed of several, but perhaps the most enthusiastic of all, from both the faculty and the student angle. Scranton's future is by no means behind it; the future will tell that here we have a fine field for education and the saving of souls.

The course of studies had to be re-arranged when we took over. What philosophy had been taught was not of our kind; there had been little of it and it was an elective. This was changed at once for the Juniors and Seniors and made an obligatory course. The logic specimen offered by the Juniors in November, 1942, was on a par with similar work by other colleges of the Society. History was made of obligation for certain years of the course. Few, if any, were asking for Greek, Latin was below par because of the poor fundamental courses in this subject given by the schools whence our students came. Science was way up, both because of the stress on it due to the war and because the University under the Brothers had stressed this subject rather than the rounded education which we as Jesuits have always tried to impart. In these dark days we cannot get all our ideals into action at once. We can only proceed cautiously and do our best until, with the war over we can really do a good work in Scranton for the thousand boys and more who will be wishing a Jesuit education.

This article on Scranton's beginnings would not be complete without some mention of the very wonderful interest shown and the help afforded by every house in the Province. We started with nothing; we have now a well equipped house. Three houses loaned us Brothers; others sent books; one sent two altars. The Philippine Bureau gave us chalices, ciboria and altar cards. One of the pictures we received is a gem; a painting of St. Ignatius which fitted exactly into a frame built into the wall of the library in the Scranton

Estate. It looks as if this picture had been made for this exact spot. One of the Scranton ancestors occupied this place before we came. Mr. J. William Babington Macauley gave us for our chapel one of the most cherished pictures in the collection of the late Mrs. Genevieve Brady Macaulay. It hangs on the northern oak panel wall of our chapel. It is Luini's Madonna, the Child and St. John Baptist. In the reception room is a series of century old plaques brought from Europe by Mrs. Macaulay. Two large paintings of ecclesiastics and two elaborately wrought silver vases and a pair of exquisitely carved gilded candlesticks were given us by Madam Dreyfus-Barney of Washington. The aqua blue altar that was in the residence of Mrs. Macaulay at Wernersville is now the altar of our domestic chapel. Several friends undertook by their gifts to outfit our chapel and it is admired by Catholics and non-Catholics. There are no pews in the chapel but most comfortable priedieux, built by Brother Mahlmeister, who, after removing the book cases from the room where the chapel now is, most skilfully panelled the walls in keeping with the original woodwork.

One of the best guarantees of the future success of our work at Scranton lies in the present activity of the Sodality in work for the alumni in the services at home and abroad. Father Vincent Bellwoar, the Spiritual Counselor, has done a magnificent job in locating the alumni in the Armed Forces. The thousand or more who were alumni of the Brothers' administration here have been contacted; many had never seen a Jesuit. Now all these and those who were students with us receive each issue of the News Sheet, are attached to the Society and regularly visit us when on furlough at home. They will be staunch friends when, after the war, "clear" signal is given and we can go ahead full speed with our educational works as conducted by the Society.

* * *

P. S.—Since the above article was written there have been further changes at Scranton. The Aviation

Cadets have been withdrawn by the Government. Fire damaged the Annex and, beginning with September, 1944, that building will house the Scranton Preparatory School. The number of college students has dropped, and a successful Labor School was conducted in Hazleton, Pa.

F. C. W. S. J.

RETREATS FOR PRIESTS AT AURIESVILLE

The Director

December 1943 marked the close of the fourth functioning year of the Priest's Retreat House at Auriesville, although three experimental retreats (with a combined attendance of 18) were held in the late fall preceeding the first calendar year of its existence. During this time, 372 priests, including five Bishops, made retreats in this house. With relatively few exceptions, made because of emergencies, all remained for eight full days. The records to date seem to indicate that of each year's enrollment one third will become yearly or almost yearly frequenters of the retreat house.

The customs instituted at the outset have now become firmly established 'traditions." Chief among these "traditions" may be enumerated: A schedule of four meditations and one conference per day, with the occasional dropping of one or other exercise at the discretion of the director; emphasis on the meditations of the individual rather than the talks of the director; hence, short points or "conferences" (as they are generally called by retreatants); no recreation periods; reading and silence at table; silence maintained at all times during the day. The retreatants all become interested in the lives of our North American Martyrs, derive inspiration from visiting the holy places on the Shrine grounds, daily make the outdoor Via Crucis, daily are blessed with the relics of the Martyrs, companions to those who died here.

These "traditions" were maintained during 1943, as in preceding years. One exception was made because of war-time conditions. During April and May five retreats were held which lasted only five days. This was done at the request of nearby dioceses which had cancelled their diocesan retreats owing to the shortage caused by the enrollment of so many priests in the Chaplains' Corps of the armed forces. As priests engaged in school work were not yet free to substitute

during the week, many could not have come here for eight days.

This experiment can be termed a success, but not a startling one. The five retreats accounted for only twenty-five of the year's retreatants. On the other hand, the summer retreats, lasting 8 days, were in general better attended, and the constant yearly growth indicates that in a few years all of these will be attended to the limit of our rooming capacity. Hence there would be no advantage in having five-day retreats from June to Christmas, when, probably, as many as can be accommodated will be willing to come for eight days. In regard to this question of duration, the director undertook a quiet survey of the opinions of most of the retreatants who were here between June and December of this year. Asked at the end of their retreats, they were almost unanimously in favor of retaining the 8-day policy. The conducting of 5-day retreats from January to April *may* prove to be the best means of utilizing the facilities of the house during this, the slack season.

During these first years most of the advertising effort was directed toward soliciting retreatants for the milder seasons of the year. But from the beginning was borne in mind the more distant goal of making the retreat house function eleven months of the year, closing in mid-December, re-opening about mid-January. This past year for the first time mention was made on our circular of the possibility of winter retreats. The response in applications coming in at this time points to the probability that in a few years retreats can be scheduled through the winter months, with only slightly smaller groups than those of the summer. (For example, there were seven applications for retreats within the last few weeks.) Unfortunately, this year the winter program had to be cancelled owing to conditions due to the war.

There is reason to believe that the 1943 enrollment would have been higher than it was, if there had been normal peace-time conditions. Nevertheless, the actual number, 148 priests, represents an increase of forty

per cent over last year's enrollment, an increment which can be considered healthy and satisfactory in every respect. Of the 148, three were Bishops, two Auxiliaries, one Co-adjutor and Administrator of his diocese. Included also were numerous Monsignori and diocesan officials, and the Rector of the Seminary of one of the largest eastern Archdioceses. Twenty were religious, representing fourteen Orders and Congregations.

The diocesan priests came from two Canadian dioceses (the Archdiocese of Montreal and the diocese of Hamilton), and from the following 29 Archdioceses and Dioceses of the United States: Boston, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Dubuque, Newark, New York, Philadelphia, St. Paul, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Burlington (Vt.), Cleveland, Davenport (Iowa), Erie, Fort Wayne, Hartford, Lansing, Mobile, Ogdensburg, Paterson, Peoria, Pittsburgh, Raleigh, Rochester, Scranton, Springfield (Mass.), Syracuse, Winona (Minn.). The greater number of these dioceses were represented by two or more priests. Buffalo led with 18 retreatants; Chicago came next with 17, Brooklyn with 15. It is note-worthy that, even in the case of the distant dioceses, the advent of one priest usually results in the application of one or more others from the same diocese the next year, or later in the same year.

Too much credit cannot be given to Father John J. Fernan, who, with short notice, took over the working management of the retreat house during a considerable portion of the last two years, and conducted a number of retreats to the eminent satisfaction of the priestly clientele. The retreat house also owes a debt of gratitude to the following Fathers who conducted retreats here during 1943: Father John J. Killeen, Father J. Edward Coffey, Father John E. Wise, Father Edward A. Ryan.

HISTORICAL NOTES

THREE CENTENARY PAPERS

Commemorating the First Centennial of the Apostleship of Prayer

GEOFFREY BLISS, S.J.

I

SAINT MARGARET-MARY AND THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

The Apostleship of Prayer was founded 150 years after the death of Saint Margaret-Mary, yet it has a close relationship with her life and writings and with the revelation, made through her, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. That relationship is threefold: it lies partly in the nature of the Saint's teaching about the Sacred Heart; partly in the fact that the devotion was first propagated, with word and pen, by members of the Society of Jesus, the crown of their labours in our day being, it might be said, this Apostleship or League of the Sacred Heart; lastly it lies in the fact that the Apostleship has been one of the principal means of making widely known amongst the faithful many of the Saint's special practices of devotion to the Sacred Heart, such as the First Fridays, the Holy Hour, Consecrations to the Sacred Heart, etc.

There are two main aspects of the revelation of the Sacred Heart as it is unfolded for us in the Saint's writings. One is the immense love of the Divine Heart for men; the other is the grief of that Divine Heart at receiving from most men either but a cold return, or blank indifference, and from some even malice and scorn. But there is an element common to both aspects, and coming out in almost every word the Saint wrote about this devotion. It is the surpassing desire of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to win the souls of men: to win

them to Itself, to a knowledge of that Divine Heart and of all that God has done for them in the mystery of the Incarnation, so that men may be enlightened and saved and reunited to God. This burning zeal of the Sacred Heart is what might be called the other side of Its love of men; since the motive of that zeal is the love of the human Heart of Jesus for his Father in Heaven, the desire to honour, glorify and satisfy his Father by the salvation of men.

It is this third and all-pervading aspect of the devotion to the Sacred Heart which has been the inspiration of the Apostleship of Prayer: the thought of that Heart consumed, because of Its love of God and man, with burning desires with which it is possible for men to unite themselves, to seek to share; desires which we can even, by prayer and good works, help to satisfy. This is the apostolic spirit as seen in the light of devotion to the Sacred Heart; this is the spirit which inspires the Apostleship of Prayer, and with which it seeks to inspire its members.

It is natural, then, that the series of little papers by which we desire to commemorate the first centenary of the Apostleship should begin at a date much earlier than 1844 and should begin with something about the great Saint without whom our Apostleship as it exists today could never have come into existence. St. Margaret-Mary can teach better than any other the true meaning of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and therefore the true spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer which is wholly built upon that devotion.

It has been suggested by some writers about this Saint that there was in her very little of the natural human charm or attraction to be found in other saints' lives. One can see perhaps what was in their minds in that suggestion; they may, even, be right: the attraction and the wonder of this life is almost wholly supernatural; yet Margaret-Mary's account of her own childhood, passed in such extraordinary conditions, is very moving and very revealing. What it seems to me to reveal is, first a nature of quite exceptional directness and simplicity (though these are, no doubt, qual-

ities of childhood); and secondly, a most astonishingly direct and swift action of supernatural grace upon that simplicity of nature: action able to be so swift, and so direct, just because that nature was so simple, so all of a piece, so true to itself. Margaret-Mary was almost from infancy, capable of becoming a woman "of one idea": grace brought it about, from the time of the dawn of reason, that the one idea should be nothing else than the Goodness of God and His claim upon her. But the school in which she learned was a hard one indeed.

Out of simplicity and directness grew, under the power of grace, generosity. It is the great characteristic of this life. The one thing impossible to her was to refuse God anything, though over and over again the things He asked seemed to her impossible at first to give. This was generally because they were actions that threatened to bring her into public notice. Both nature and grace, and the experiences of her childhood, had combined to make that terrible for her. Yet in the end she always overcame and complied, and nearly always the actual result was humiliation rather than praise or approval. Whether Margaret-Mary was lacking in charm or no, she was certainly not lacking in capacity and intelligence of a practical kind, or she could not have discharged the offices entrusted to her. But of these, that in which she succeeded best, and was most happy, was Mistress of Novices, a post in which her simplicity and directness and her capacity for love had free play.

This, then, was the soul, and the kind of soul, that God chose, among all others, to be the instrument of what was to be a kind of renewal or reinforcement of the central revelation of our Faith, the mystery of the Incarnation, and of all which that mystery unveils of "the height and the depth" of God's love for man: that mystery by which the Divine Love comes to us no longer, as for the Jews, as if from a great distance but out of a Heart human in every way like our own, proving itself a love at once human and divine, even to the death of the Cross; and persuading us that it is a Love

which every man can understand, and which no man can without inhumanity reject, or fail to return with a love straight out of his own heart.

For this is the root of the meaning, and indeed the whole meaning, of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, under whatever aspect we regard it: whether as a revelation of the power of the Divine Love to protect and sanctify souls as illustrated in those Promises of the Sacred Heart we receive from the Saint; or as a vision of the suffering of the Heart of the God-Man refused the love of men; or lastly as a showing forth of the burning desire of that same Heart for the glory of His Father and the salvation of His brethren: whether of the Sacred Heart Pleading, or Sanctifying, or Suffering.

The Apostleship of Prayer lives by the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which, as we shall see, has transformed it, given it its distinctive spirit, and provided it with the means to transfuse that spirit through great numbers of the Faithful. It is fitting, then, that the name of St. Margaret-Mary, the revealer of the Sacred Heart, and its undaunted and generous love, should come first in any attempt to tell the story of our League of the Sacred Heart. We shall hope next to say something of Blessed Claude de la Colombiere, and one or two other members of the Society of Jesus, who were allowed and enabled to carry the spoken and written words of the Saint into the world, even in her own lifetime, and to begin the work of making known to all what had been revealed to one heroic soul.

II

B. CLAUDE DE LA COLUMBIERE

It will not be possible (as it was not possible in the case of St. Margaret-Mary) to give here even an outline of the life of the Blessed Claude. His life, however, is one that should be known to all members of our Apostleship, of which he might be called the Precursor. Certainly without him its actual founder, Père Gautrelet, and Père Henri Ramière, who is often called its

second founder, could never have accomplished what they did. We shall be concerned, then, for the most part, with the brief period of B. Claude's life during which he was a Paray-le-Monial and acted as the director of the Saint to whom the Sacred Heart revealed Itself.

Claude de la Colombière was born in 1641 in the part of France called Dauphiné, of a family that had long provided notaries and bailiffs to a neighbouring great estate. He was one of seven children. All but the eldest of the five who grew up were priests or religious. In their childhood their home was known as "the family of saints." He was educated at the Jesuit College of the Holy Trinity at Lyons, and joined the Jesuit noviciate at Avignon at the age of eighteen. While teaching and studying theology in the college of Clermont at Paris he was tutor to the sons of the famous Colbert who controlled the exchequer of Louis XIV then at the height of his glory. He had contacts at this time with persons of the corrupt court of the Grand Monarque (the King's conversion came about only in the year of Father de la Colombière's death), and with the advances, still secret and unavowed, of the Jansenism of Port Royal. After his ordination and a period of teaching in his old school at Lyons he went, in 1674, to the "Tertian House" of St. Joseph, near the same city, for his final year of spiritual training, and to make at full length the "Exercises" of St. Ignatius. From this retreat he dated his own "conversion" and in it he laid strongly the foundations of an heroic sanctity. His notes of retreat are extant, and the detailed plan which he drew up of a vow to observe exactly in future all the rules of religious discipline. To read them reveals a soul completely calm, clear-sighted and full of courage, and with a profound desire to please God.

It was in the next year that Father Claude was sent to the Jesuit house in Paray-le-Monial to be its Rector. His work was that of preaching in the church, giving missions in the neighbourhood, and directing various religious communities in the town, among them the

Monastery of the Visitation, where dwelt, entirely unknown, the nun now honoured as St. Margaret-Mary. Father de la Colombiére knew what dangers were threatening the Church at that time from Jansenism, which declared that Christ had not died for all men, and from Quietism, whose founder, Molinos, had said: "We sought not to love the Humanity of Jesus Christ." He was therefore prepared to recognize in the revelation of the Sacred Heart made to this obscure religious a remedy for these evils. Margaret Mary at this time was in the greatest distress of mind. It had been urged upon her by her superiors and by her confessor that she should regard the revelations as illusions, and this command she had been striving with all her strength, but in vain, to obey. Our Lord had consoled her with the promise of a new director. On Father Colombière's first visit to the convent to give an exhortation both he and St. Margaret-Mary became secretly aware, the one of the presence of an elect soul, the other of the fulfilment in this priest of the promise made to her. The first time he acted as special confessor the nun was reserved about exceptional graces; the next time, at her superior's wish, she opened her mind fully to Father Colombière regarding the state of her soul.

After he had heard her confession several times, and had tested her virtues for himself, he came to a conclusion and a decision. He forbade her to resist the Spirit which inspired her, and declared that the devil did not lead souls by this road. Shortly afterwards the Saint received a direct instruction from Our Lord to communicate fully with her director all that she had learned from Him about his Sacred Heart, in order that this priest might make known to others "how greatly devotion to that Divine Heart would benefit souls."

It was a little later that St. Margaret-Mary received what is generally called "the Great Revelation" in which Jesus Christ showed her his Heart full of love for men, declared his grief at their ingratitude for this love, and requested the institution of the festival of the Sacred Heart at the date when it is now observed.

When the nun declared her incapacity for such a purpose Our Lord referred her again to the aid of Claude de la Colombière: "Tell him from Me to do all he can to establish this devotion, and so please my divine Heart." Her confessor then required her to set out in writing all that she had learned concerning devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The first effect of his consideration of what the Saint then wrote was that Father Claude resolved to consecrate himself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the approaching Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi, June 21st, 1675. This date his biographer, the Abbé Charrier, regards as the starting point of the history of the devotion. The form of consecration which he drew up has been preserved and we cannot do better than give some parts of it here. After reciting what he had learned from St. Margaret-Mary of the coldness, ingratitude, and contempt which the Divine Heart had found in the hearts of men, he continues:—

"In reparation for such great outrages and such cruel contempt, O most adorable and most loving Heart of Jesus, and to keep myself in every way that I can from being a sharer in such evil, I offer Thee my heart with every movement of which it is capable. I give it wholly to Thee and from this hour declare, with what I feel is a true sincerity, that I desire to forget myself and all that concerns me, so as to remove every obstacle that could prevent me from entering into this Divine Heart which Thou hast the great goodness to open to me, and which I desire to enter that there I may live and die, with thy true and faithful servants wholly penetrated with, and embraced by, thy love." Then, after an offering of all spiritual merits he may ever gain to be disposed of at the good pleasure of the Heart of Jesus, he continues: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, teach me the perfect forgetfulness of myself, since this is the only way by which I can enter into Thee. . . . I feel in myself a great desire to please Thee and a great helplessness to achieve this without a very special light and grace, which I can hope for only from Thee. . . . It is Thou who must do all, divine Heart of Jesus

Christ: thine alone will be the glory if I make myself holy: that is more clear to me than daylight; but for Thee that will be a great glory, and for this reason alone do I desire to attain perfection. Amen."

During the remaining seven years of his life Blessed Claude de la Colombière set himself to fulfil this act of consecration. And he set himself also to carry out the commission, which by this consecration he had accepted, to make known the adorable Heart of Jesus to others: at Paray for the five months he was still to be there, then in London, and afterwards at Lyons. About his work in London, where he was confessor to the Duchess of York (1676-1678), readers may consult the little book "England and the Sacred Heart," by the Rev. G. E. Price, to which Fr. Bearne, S.J., contributed a Preface. A sentence is there cited (p. 11) from the Spiritual Journal: "I recognize that God demands of me to serve Him by obtaining the fulfilment of his desires about the devotion which He has entrusted to my weakness. Already I have taught it to many in England." The illness which manifested itself during his three weeks of imprisonment in the King's Bench prison during the "Titus Oates' Plot" continued to make him incapable of active work until his death in 1682. On his banishment from England he paid a brief visit to Paray-le-Monial, where he had one long conference with St. Margaret-Mary. Then after a sojourn of some months at the family home at St. Symphorien, where he was sent in the hope of his being cured, he lived in the Holy Trinity College at Lyons.

In some of his letters which survive from this time we find him engaging his correspondents to receive holy communion on the day which is now the feast of the Sacred Heart, in reparation for the irreverences committed against Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. But except in private conversation it was difficult to pursue any direct apostolate in favour of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Already a storm of opposition was rising among Jansenists, and others who without knowing it were infected to some degree with

the spirit of Jansenism. Claude de la Colombière had to exercise great caution. But his office in the house at Lyons, that of "Spiritual Father" to the Jesuit scholastics, some fifteen in number, enabled him to explain and promote the devotion among these young men. One of them was Père Gallifet, whose writings on the Sacred Heart, together with those of Père Croiset, did so much to make the devotion to the Sacred Heart widely known during the eighteenth century. We hope to say something of their works in our next paper. Fourteen years after Blessed Claude's death Père Gallifet wrote an account of his former Spiritual Father, and this, with the circulation of Fr. Claude's Notes of Retreat, did much to help the diffusion of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Fr. Claude's letters in his last years show the great patience and resignation with which he bore the wasting disease of the lungs that caused his death, and an expression in one of them suggested that he had made a formal offering of his life inspired by his great desires for his own sanctification and that of all other souls. And this seems to be confirmed by the message which St. Margaret-Mary sent to him a few days before his death. He was then at Paray, whither he had been conveyed in a last hope for his recovery, but was about to be moved, on the physician's advice, to Vienne. The message was to the effect that Our Lord desired the sacrifice of his life in the place where he was. And there, at Paray-le-Monial, the sacrifice was accomplished, on February the 15th, 1688.

There can hardly be a saint in the calendar in whose life remarkable events, or external marks of sanctity, are more lacking than in that of Blessed Claude de la Colombière. There is only the evidence, in the Notes of Retreat, of a soul possessed with a calm, courageous and very intense desire of holiness inspired solely by a love of Jesus Christ; and that of the veneration with which he was regarded from the moment of his death, by those who knew him. But one of these was a great saint herself. St. Margaret-Mary asked prayers for him when he died, but two days later said

that prayers were not needed, that he should be invoked and prayed to. And on two occasions (while he yet lived) she had assurance from Our Lord himself that the heart of Blessed Claude should be like a throne for his own Sacred Heart, from which it should decree its commands of grace and mercy for souls. From the point of view of devotion to the Sacred Heart the lesson of Blessed Claude's life seems to be that what above all is required of souls that desire to please God is self-forgetfulness, and self-abandonment to the sanctifying power of the Divine Heart of Jesus.

III

JEAN CROISET

We wish in this paper to give a few details about the life and writings of a Jesuit priest, Père Jean Croiset, who was a contemporary of St. Margaret-Mary, a disciple of Blessed Claude de la Colombière, and who more than any one, after these, prepared the way for the Apostleship of Prayer. Fr. Régnault, S. J., when General Director of the Apostleship, published a short life of Père Croiset, the substance of which also appeared in Le Messager du Sacré Coeur for July, 1888. It is this account which we shall mainly follow.

Jean Croiset, whom Our Lord himself indicated to St. Margaret-Mary, as "a true friend and the future apostle" of his divine Heart, was born at Marseilles in 1656, the year in which Margaret Mary made her first communion at the age of nine. Nothing has been recovered concerning his early life before he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Avignon in 1677, aged 21.

He had not long been a Jesuit when he acquired, probably from Blessed Claude de la Colombière, a knowledge of the new devotion to the Sacred Heart, and was aware that it had its source in revelations made to a nun of the Visitandine Order at Paray-le-Monial. His interest was such that he wrote to her, and his letters persuaded her, as she told Mère de Saumaise, that he would be a valuable ally in making the devotion better known; and she consented to his

desire to meet her. He seems to have come to Paray-le Monial for his express purpose in 1689, the year before he was ordained priest, in company with a Père de Villette. The first interview was a disappointment to both (according to the Visitandine compilers of the Saint's Life known as Les Contemporaines), for they heard little or nothing about the Sacred Heart. But when on the next day each had been able to speak separately with the Saint they were greatly impressed. Père Croiset, from soon after this time until the end of her life, became, by means of letters, her trusted director and adviser, the successor, in this respect, to Blessed Claude. We know this on the authority of Père Joseph de Gallifet given in his work "The Excellence of Devotion to the adorable Heart of Jesus Christ."

It was now, even before he was ordained priest, that Fr. Croiset began with his pen to aid the diffusion of devotion to the Sacred Heart, for he contributed certain additions to the little manual of 44 pages known as the Livret de Dijon compiled by the Visitandine nuns in that town in 1686, but not given to the public until 1689, a year before the death of St. Margaret Mary. She wrote in that year, to a nun friend, about these augmentations made by Fr. Croiset, that they were "the work of a very holy religious"; and again later in the same year, she writes of him as one "who has taken greatly to heart the glory and the interests of our Sovereign Master, to which he is ready to sacrifice his own interests: but he desires not to be known by name at present."

Fr. Croiset on his part had a profound reverence for the religious to whom Our Lord had revealed his Sacred Heart. He relied on her both for instruction in this devotion, and for advice in his own spiritual life. In a letter to her of August, 1689, after recounting certain efforts he has made to further the devotion, he adds about himself: "The desire to love God burns in me, but I cannot say that I love Him yet when I consider my imperfections. I have no humility at all, and that is the virtue most necessary for this divine

love. I know well that it is a gift of God, this perfect and sincere humility which I see that I ought to have and which I know by experience that I have not. I implore you, redouble your prayers for me, do something to get for me this all-important virtue. Speak to my loving Jesus and beseech Him to accomplish quickly the work at which He has laboured in me this last year more than ever before, though I have responded so badly." Fr. Croiset mentions towards the end of this letter that he hopes soon to be ordained a priest.

St. Margaret Mary's reply was by a very long letter, lost for many years but recovered by the Superior General of the Barnabites in the monastery of the Visitation at Bologna. In communicating it, in 1874, to the *Messager* he describes it as "a kind of summary of all that she has written on devotion to the Sacred Heart." In this letter the Saint greets Fr. Croiset as "my most dear brother in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, who wishes me so to name you," and adds that the Sacred Heart unites them "in an equality of blessings, like a brother and sister." She urges him to devote himself courageously to make known the Sacred Heart, and not to let other occupations become an excuse for neglecting this. The letter contains, in one fairly short passage, a statement of most of the "Twelve Promises," and in it she speaks also of the special part the Visitation Order and the Society of Jesus are to have in the diffusion of a knowledge of the Sacred Heart.

A few months later St. Margaret Mary declared to a friend, "I shall assuredly die during this year (1690), because I no longer suffer, and also in order that I may not be an obstacle to the great fruits which my divine Saviour hopes for from a book about the devotion to the Sacred Heart." This book was the great work of Fr. Croiset which appeared in 1691, the year after the Saint's death. That event left him free to add as a supplement to the volume "A brief account of the life of a Religious of the Visitation of whom God made use to establish the devotion to the Sacred Heart of

Jesus." The book itself was entitled: La dévotion au sacré Coeur de N.S. Jésus-Christ, by a Father of the Society of Jesus. It contained 512 pages, and the Brief Life a further 146 pages. It was published at Lyons. The Saint's death enabled Fr. Croiset to write much more fully about the revelations concerning the Sacred Heart made by Our Lord himself, which greatly added to the force and value of his work.

Fr. de Gallifet has recorded that this book had the same immediate success as its predecessor (the small "Livret de Dijon," or "de Lyon" as it was sometimes called after Fr. Croiset had added to it). Of the 1691 volume Mgr. Languet de Gergy, Bishop of Soissons and a member of the Académie Francaise, the author of the standard Life of St. Margaret Mary, wrote as follows: "All who wish to know with exactness what is the spirit and practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Saviour, and who desire to gain from this devotion the fruits which it should produce in the soul, will find in this book a source of instruction and edification. None has set forth better than has this pious writer the obligations of true piety and the obstacles which weaken it in our souls, or, in a word, all the holy paths of perfection and the love of God. It is difficult to read this work without feeling the touch of this holy love, or without being ashamed of the tepidity in which we live. This is the aim and purpose of the whole work, as it is, too, of the Devotion the sacred mysteries of which are here unveiled."

In the memoir of Père Croiset in the *Messager* it is noted how his work contains at least the germs of most of the forms of devotion to the Sacred Heart which are known today, and are proposed to its members by the Apostleship of Prayer, such as the Holy Hour, the Communion of Reparation, the Guard of Honour, and others. The Apostleship itself is adumbrated in the practice of a daily offering to the Sacred Heart, and in the author's hope to see one day established an Association of persons devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Fr. Croiset is here almost quoting words of St. Margaret Mary in the long letter men-

tioned above: "If only there could be an Association for this devotion in which the members would share their spiritual goods with one another." This idea and purpose has always been a special character of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

In 1692 Fr. Croiset became professor of rhetoric in the college of Lyons where Blessed Claude had spent his last years. Here we find him rejoicing in the success of his book, and writing to Soeur Medeleine Joly, whom he had aided in the compilation of her little manual three years before, that he hears from Central France, from Toulouse, from Provence and from Brittany of the growth everywhere of the devotion. He corresponded also with Fr. de Villette, now Superior at Paray, and with other Jesuits, on this subject. During all the remainder of his life he continued this apostolate: as Rector at Lyons (during which time the feast of the Sacred Heart was first celebrated in all that diocese), and at Marseilles (which became known as the second city of the Sacred Heart); as Master of Novices at Avignon, and as Provincial (at the age of 76). And this was in addition to his copious work as a writer of a series of saints' lives and many other books of devotion, 48 such volumes coming from his pen in the course of some 34 years.

As Provincial he had a curious adventure when he was arrested in Savoy, during time of war, as a suspected spy and brought before Victor-Amadée II in Turin. Such was the humility and simplicity of his manner and appearance that the Sovereign Duke took him at first for a lay brother. When he learned that he had before him the author of the then widely known Lives of the Saints he entertained him very honourably and sent him on his way to Chambery with an escort.

St. Margaret Mary had foretold to Père Croiset the many trials and oppositions he would meet in the work of promoting devotion to the Sacred Heart, and her prophecy was fulfilled. The strangest of these trials (for it has never been quite explained) was the placing, in 1704, on the Index of Prohibited Books of his work on Devotion to the Sacred Heart. This entry in

the Index was not deleted until 1887! Fr. de Gallifet wrote later that it was due to some failure to fulfil certain formalities on its first publication. It is noticeable that in humble submission to this act of authority Fr. Croiset refrained in all his subsequent spiritual writings, from any allusion to the devotion. His book, however, continued to appear, not materially modified, in successive editions and in many languages, with the usual episcopal approbations. It is still perhaps the most popular manual of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and an edition sponsored by our English "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" is in frequent demand. It is to Fr. Croiset that we owe the beautiful Litany of the Sacred Heart, and also the Little Office.

In his last years Fr. Croiset retired to the noviciate at Avignon which had greatly benefited in a material sense by the works of his pen, for the aisles of the noviciate church were added out of the money brought in by his books, and the same source provided for the building of the noble church of St. Louis in Avignon. Fr. Croiset's powers, and especially his memory, now began to fail, and a charming story is told of his asking a novice who was serving him at table for the name of the author of the book which was being read aloud to the Community. Getting the reply, "But it is you, mon Père!" he was quite unable to believe it, and declared that he had never written anything so good!

Fr. Jean Croiset died at the age of 82 on the 31st of January, 1738, on the eve of a First Friday. He used often to invite people on those days to "pray to Jesus to open to us his Sacred Heart and to give us the grace to dwell there all our lives." It was his own prayer, and it was granted him.

OBITUARY

BROTHER MICHAEL DOOLING

1860-1944

For sixty years, the last forty-nine of which were spent at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, Brother Michael Dooling deserved well of the Society. His death on February 20, 1944, brought to a close another chapter in the history of the old college on the Kaw.

To borrow a cliché from nineteenth-century American biography, Michael Dooling "was born of Irish immigrant parents," January 19, 1860, on a farm near Monroe, Wisconsin. He was the second eldest of eight children. There were four boys and four girls in the family. His father, Timothy Dooling, died at the age of thirty-five; his mother, whose maiden name was Honora Ryan, lived to the matriarchal age of ninety-eight.

"The little red schoolhouse at the crossroads" was Michael Dooling's own description of the rural school in which he received his formal education. After completing the eighth grade he worked on the family farm until he was twenty-one. In 1881 he followed two of his sisters to Chicago, which was rising phenix-like from the ashes of the Great Fire, and obtained a position with the traction company. For three years he worked as a conductor on the Madison Street line, the busiest in the bustling city. In later years Brother Dooling was fond of recalling two incidents that occurred while he was in Chicago: the passing of the horse-drawn streetcar and his own remarkable call to the Society.

His two sisters were members of the Holy Family parish. With the usual feminine curiosity they had become interested in a young man whom they had frequently seen praying earnestly in the church. When he suddenly and permanently ceased making his visits to the church, the two grils asked their pastor, Father

Henry Bronsgeest, what had happened to him. "He has gone to the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, to become a lay brother," was the reply they received. Then Father Bronsgeest added, "Perhaps your brother will follow him."

A short time later one of the young ladies boarded her brother's car at Western Avenue, the terminus of the line, and paused for a few moments on the rear platform to tell him what the priest had said. When he had heard his sister through, he simply replied, "Become a lay brother? Certainly I will!" In retelling the story of his vocation, Brother Dooling would add: "I felt as happy as if I were in paradise. I had no thought of it before, nor doubt of it since."

At the time Michael Dooling was living some three miles from the Holy Family church, and he was not personally acquainted with its pastor. An introduction confirmed him in his desire. The next step was that of making his application to Father Leopold Bushart, the provincial. The difficulties which he explained to the provincial had to be overcome: poor health and the support of a widowed mother. He had been advised by a physician to go to California or southwest Texas as he had the appearance of one in the first stages of consumption. Father Bushart told him not to worry about his health, but to go to the novitiate as soon as he could. For six more months Michael Dooling collected fares to help support his mother, and then he left for Florissant.

Father Bronsgeest had insisted with the provincial that the young man be admitted immediately as a novice and not as a postulant, and threatened to send the candidate to another order unless the concession were granted. Father Bushart acceded to the request. Time was to prove that this act of confidence in the young man and his director was not misplaced. On February 11, 1884, a date later to be universally honored as the feast of the first apparition of Lourdes, Michael Dooling walked up the steps of the rock building at Florissant and was greeted by Father Frederick Haggemann, the novice master. Among the novices

to meet him was Brother Joseph A. Nousa, "that pious fellow" who had been the indirect cause of his vocation.

On March 19, 1886, Brother Dooling took his first vows in the Society of Jesus. In May of the same year he was sent to the Osage Mission, now St. Paul, Kansas. There for five years he had charge of the boys' clothesroom. When the mission was closed in 1891, Bother Frederick Wenstrup, who had come by wagon from Kansas City in 1852 to help found the mission, taught him a lesson which he never forgot. "Such a trial as the closing of this mission after so many years of toil," said the old brother, "will teach us that we should not place our hopes on earthly things."

In June 1891 Brother Dooling took up his new duties at St. Louis University. The first two years he had charge of the refectory and the following year of the clothesroom. Then he was transferred back again to Kansas.

On August 15, 1894, Brother Dooling had taken his last vows. Two days later he arrived at St. Mary's College. There he was made sacristan of the community chapel and assistant in the boys' clothesroom. In 1895 he took over the supervision of the laundry, powerhouse, electric-lighting, water-works, and steam-heating. In addition to these onerous duties he took care of the community chapel, the community clothesroom, and the baking of the hosts for Mass.

To the boys of St. Mary's "Brother Clothesroom" and "Brother Laundry," as he was successively called, was always colorful. "Hang on to your things!" was the laconic lesson which he imparted to one lad who had returned to the clothesroom to find the key gone from his locker and his clothes tied up in knots. Nearly fifty years later the boys recalled the incident in a letter which he wrote to brother on the occasion of his diamond jubilee. Evidently he learned his lesson well, for the former student is now the president of a Topeka bank.

Brother Dooling frequently referred to the laundry as such a busy place "that you can't hear anything

but the noise." Not content with a trial and error method of running the plant, he made several visits to laundries in St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Chicago to learn something of the latest developments in washing clothes. When some improvement was required, he was not slow in placing requisitions for new equipment which would increase the efficiency of the laundry. During the seventeen years which Brother Dooling spent in keeping the college linen clean, he manifested something of that zeal for souls for which he was to be so well known in later life. At least one woman who became a convert before her death some years ago owed her conversion to the Catholic books and magazines which brother gave to her while she was working in St. Mary's laundry.

In September, 1912, Brother Dooling was sent to Belize, British Honduras. Being stricken with malaria, he returned to St. Mary's in April of the following year. There he took up the lighter duties of refectorian and clotheskeeper for the community. A short time later he acquired the added position of sacristan of the Immaculata, a post which he kept until 1931 when St. Mary's was closed as a boarding school. Always a great lover of flowers, Brother Dooling saw to it that there were flowers for the altar from April to November. These came from more than forty different varieties of perennial plants which he had planted on the college grounds.

In 1915 Brother Dooling was made mail-and-express-man for the college. During the next twenty years one of the most familiar sights in the village was that of Brother Dooling in his spring-wagon behind a buckskin bag on his way to the station to pick up a passenger, a trunk, or the mail.

In the words of a resident of St. Mary's who knew Brother Dooling for many years, "Brother's public life began when he took charge of the express." Certainly he took upon himself a unique apostolate—that of being the poor man's friend. Color, race or creed made no difference to Brother Dooling. He was never so happy as when he could stage a "party" or

"lend" money to some poor family of the vicinity. Food, clothing, money which he could beg from his more prosperous friends were quickly handed over to the indignent. During the dry years when not a single bushel of corn was shipped from the elevators of St. Mary's, and during the lean years when wheat was selling at forty cents, brother was an angel of mercy to the down-and-out. Some idea of the extent of his charity can be surmised from the thirty "parties" which he held for his poor friends on February 12, 1934, the day after his golden jubilee.

"Brother has a heart on both sides," was the saying of one non-Catholic lady, and many are the kind deeds which the people of St. Marys can still remember. One is in need of medical attention: brother supplies the necessary funds. An old lady needs a dress: brother talks dress to one of his friends so much that finally the necessary article is produced. A family is suffering from a lack of fuel: brother gets the wood and hires a man to cut it. A man and his wife find it difficult to receive instruction in the faith: two nights a week throughout the winter brother calls on them and instructs them until they are prepared for Baptism. An old woman needs a pension: brother solicits the assistance of a friend and obtains the state subsidy. One of his poor is sick: brother brings a sure-cure, a gallon of buttermilk, and leaves the invalid cheered with the thought that "in heaven there will be no sickness."

In the worst years of the depression Brother Dooling ran his "soup-kitchen" for the poor children of St. Marys. He obtained the use of a vacant store, put in a stove, secured the volunteer services of some of the ladies of the town, and then gathered together the necessary food—bread from the bakery and a hog's head or scraps from the butcher to provide the basis of the stew.

The minutiae of brother's charity can be seen from the care which he took of a little Indian girl. He got her to attend the Catholic school and asked some businessmen of the town to provide her tuition.

Brother convinced her grandmother that she should be allowed to make her First Communion before she was twelve. He obtained the services of some ladies of the village to make the child's First Communion dress, and then persuaded a photographer to take her picture for her benefactors!

Each time brother would meet his charge, he would ask her if she had been to Sunday Mass. On one occasion she replied that she had not been able to go because it had been raining. Brother thought of the proper remedy: he immediately gave her his own umbrella! As the years passed brother frequently told his friend that she would one day become a nun. Nothing was farther from the girl's mind, and she eventually began to resent his remarks. But the divine call did come, and in the year of his golden jubilee Brother Dooling had the pleasure of visiting her in the novitiate of her congregation in Chicago.

During the years that followed Brother Dooling kept up a correspondence with his protegée. Two texts which he used in his simple letters show well the ideal which he had placed before his own mind's eye: "One day I will hear it said to you: 'I was sick, and you visited me'." And in another letter he wrote: "Whatever you do to the least of my brethren, you have done it to me."

Brother capitalized on his own love of flowers to finance his charities. Each spring he would gather armfuls of pussy-willow along the creeks, and in the fall he would scour the hills for miles around in search of bittersweet. The third member of his "winter-bouquets" was dyed pampasgrass. The fifteenth of August, the day of the parish bazaar, was always an event for Brother Dooling. At the booth which he would set up for the sale of his "bouquets" there was a steady stream of customers. Not content with the money to be raised in the village, he "cashed in" on the contacts he had made with the boys of the college. One of the graduates of the first decade of the the cenutry has given the following estimate of brother's lucrative hobby:

> Personally I think that his greatest claim toward fame is the fact that in his own way he rather began the polite racket of sending people something they do not want and then relying on their good nature to contribute for it. It is the favorite method today of sending unsolicited packages of postcards, medals, holy pictures and so forth. I think he is the originator, although his gratuitous package was armfuls of "bittersweet" berries and a few blossomed Kansas weeds that looked more like the plumes on the old-time hearse than anything else I know of. His letters accompanying the package gave you to understand that he had a dozen or more squaws, orphaned children and panhandlers who needed financial assistance and he took care of them.

Another one of brother's benefactors adds a few details:

> Brother Dooling "put the lug" on his friends annually during the bittersweet season. I am proud that I was on his select list for a long number of years. And he warned me and others in a subtle way that if no gift was sent him in return for his Kansas prairie flowers, I wouldn't get any the following season. No threat, of course, just a way to tell us we were free to give or not to give for "his poor."

Because of his simple kindly manner, Brother Dooling was always a great favorite with children, who thought nothing quite so thrilling as a ride through town behind "old Buck," or a chance to hold the reins while brother stopped on some errand of mercy. He always greeted them with a smile, or a little joke or story which he never tired of repeating—of the boys who took the Infant from the church on Christmas day to give it a ride in his new wagon; of the reply of a little girl at a Baptist Sunday school meeting who was asked to say what she was thankful for: "That I am a Catholic and can go to a Catholic school"; of the youngster crying before confession, "because I have no sins." Brother's naiveté was seasoned with a certain restraint, a certain dignity. When he would leave after one of his "parties" he would always say, "Adieu, and God bless you!"

The first to greet the boys at the station, and the last to wish them goodbye, Brother Dooling made a

deep impression on the students of St. Mary's. His interest in two generations that studied at the college was shown by his visits to the infirmary where he would relieve the nurse for a few moments or even hours. Points of advice, little stories with a moral, copies of poems which he thought particularly charming or edifying were all part of his stock in trade. Nowhere perhaps is the hidden life of our brothers so much appreciated as in a boarding school. One of the graduates of St. Mary's, a very successful executive, could write:

> To the thousands of St. Mary's men I would venture to say that when their thoughts go back to their old school, their first and best memories are of the good old brothers like Michael Dooling who really gave up the world and possessed that great virtue of humility which very few of us ever attain to in any degree.

Brother Dooling's community spirit was well illustrated by the classic birthday party he staged for Brother George Bender many years ago on the college grounds. Cakes were solicited from friends in town; ice-cream was somehow secured, the village band under the direction of Mr. Farrell was called out because Brother George had been something of a musician in his day—he had played the bass viol. As for the guests—they were gathered from the highways and the hedges, and a good time was had by all.

Nine years ago when Brother Dooling had become too old to handle the mail, he was made porter of the college. Most of his "parties" from that time on were held in the parlor. The last few years of his life were spent largely in the infirmary. The day of his diamond jubilee he was too feeble to attend the banquet prepared in his honor. After the dinner in the evening, the gladiolas which had been placed in the reflectory for him were taken to his room in the infirmary. His eyes brightened as he saw the flowers. Then with a gesture to indicate the necessity of speed he said, "You must take them to the chapel."

Nine days later brother was dead. His death came beautifully and easily on the afternoon of February

20th—he simply ceased to breathe. Shrove Tuesday "the bittersweet man" was buried in St. Mary's cemetery overlooking the village and the college which he had served so well. May he rest in peace.

FATHER FRANCIS J. McNIFF

1865-1944

The Rev. Francis J. McNiff, S.J., who for the past four years had been spiritual Father at Brooklyn Preparatory School, died on Thursday, April 27, 1944, at St. Ignatius rectory, adjoining the school. He was seventy-nine years of age, but up until his death he took a deep interest, not only in educational and spiritual matters, but in the everyday things in which "his boys" were interested—baseball, football and other college athletics.

Father McNiff had a very distinguished career as an educator, and was universally cherished by his students all through his long life. His death came suddenly. He had retired to his room and, before preparing for bed, was on his knees at his prie-dieu, in prayer, when he passed away in peace. Though ailing a bit in health for two or three years past, he was active and full of interest and at work preaching, giving special bi-monthly conferences and lectures to the very end, having taken his daily afternoon walk in high spirits on the day of his death.

Typical of his energy and ability is the fact that during his last week he presided over 25 fellow Jesuit priests at a formal Theological discussion; was very much alive in round-table recreational conversation every day after meals, inspiriting the occasion with pointed, clever chats on topics ranging from the poetry of Sydney Lanier to Trout Fishing, and the best in Bronze Miniatures. Of wide reading and great taste, he possessed an extraordinary facility at quoting the

Latin, Greek and English classics, reciting playfully a wealth of Ballads, Rondeaus, Rhymes and Jingles in the finest literary tradition. His unfailing happy disposition and rich sense of humor made him a very valuable Community man and personal adviser.

Father McNiff filled the post of rector at the Jesuit Seminary and House of Studies at Weston, Mass., for long years; held the chair of ethics at Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., when it was the largest exclusively arts school in New England; was master of novices at Guelph, Canada, and after being superior of Campion House, the Jesuit House of Writers, New York City, and spiritual father at Wernersville, Pa., one of the largest Jesuit Houses of Studies, and thereafter in Brooklyn, until his death.

Father McNiff was born in Quebec, Canada, on May 8, 1865; educated in Montreal and Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; entered the Society at Frederick, Md., on September 5, 1883; studied philosophy from 1887 to 1890, and theology from 1895 to 1901 at Woodstock, Md., and Florissant, Mo.

He was universally liked and considered an optimist by all about him. He had retired to his room and before preparing for bed, was on his knees at his prie-dieu—in prayer—when he passed away in peace.

Father McNiff will be long remembered as an impressive personality, and a life-long ideal influence by his hundreds of old students of Holy Cross, Georgetown and Xavier, New York. He is survived by his sister, a Madame of the Sacred Heart at Saulte Au Recollet, Canada. May he rest in peace.

FATHER WILLIAM J. ELINE

1869-1943

Most Jesuits are shifted around considerably in the course of their careers. Father Eline was among those

few who remain more or less in one place. The fifty-four years of his activities as a Jesuit were almost equally divided between the U.S.A. and India; between St. Mary's Kansas, U.S.A., and The Patna Mission, India.

Rev. William J. Eline, S.J., was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, February 26, 1869. After graduating from Marquette University, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, in September 1890. On the completion of his classical and philosophical studies, he was assigned, as teacher and prefect, to St. Mary's College, Kansas, in September 1897. After five years at St. Mary's, he returned to St. Louis University, Missouri, for his studies in theology; and was ordained, there in June 1905.

Then, after his year of Tertianship, he returned to St. Mary's, Kansas, and remained there all of thirteen years,—until his departure for India in 1921.

Naturally, 'Father Eline' and 'St. Mary's' became almost synonyms. Generation after generation of students came to know 'Father Eline', of whom they had heard from their fathers and uncles who had attended this well-known College. Each summer found Father Eline 'on tour': visiting the homes of the students, looking up prospects, contacting the Alumni throughout the Middle West—the very embodiment of the spirit of St. Mary's. Even in his later years, when memory had begun to fail, the mere mention of a name or an incident connected with 'St. Mary's' awoke all the treasured recollections of the Old Days, and he was back again amid the scenes so dear to his heart.

The writer was associated with Father Eline for many years at St. Mary's, and feels urged to state that rarely has a Faculty member been so devoted and loyal to his School as was Father Eline to old St. Mary's and to 'the boys' whom he had known there. It is a fact, that when the day of his departure (for india) came, and his friends sought him to say a last farewell, Father was nowhere to be found. He had slipped away on an early morning train. Farewells at 'St. Mary's' were more than he could endure.

We feel certain that, as the news of Father Eline's death reached them in their homes and offices, St. Mary's Alumni, (Small Yard; Big Yard; Loyola Hall) young and old, paused for a moment of prayer for his soul, and then reminisced musingly over many an incident of the Old Days at St. Mary's.

In March, 1921, Father Eline and four other American Fathers arrived in Patna to take over the management of The Patna Mission, which the exigencies of World War I had compelled the good Capuchin Fathers to relinquish. Of this pioneer 'five', the sole survivor today, is Father Henry P. Milet, S.J. who celebrated his Golden Jubilee this year. Father Eline has gone to his eternal reward; and three of the Fathers had later, for reasons of health, to return to the U. S. A.

Father Eline was appointed Superior Regular in 1921, and held that responsible office for over eight years, being succeeded in June 1929 by Father P. J. Sontag, S. J.

The high points of Father Eline's administration may be gathered from the following excerpts.

"Covering as it did the pioneer stages of the American Fathers' work, it is obvious that Father Eline's term of office called for all the administrative ability which his own rare personal qualities and a long experience in various executive positions gave him. Add to this a conspicuous charity, as generous as it was universal, and you have the outstanding marks of The Patna Mission's first Superior Regular.

"A mission is never a one-man's job; and hence it would be as futile as it would be unjust to recount the progress in mission-work while Father Eline was Superior. But if the many works of apostolic zeal which, during these first eight years of The Patna Mission, were not only inaugurated but stabilized and matured into so healthy a growth as they show today,—if these are the result of team-work and wholehearted cooperation, then surely no little praise is due to the tactful, conciliating, encouraging hand that worked for this very union and one-ness among Patna's

new apostles with such unfaltering devotedness."

(The Patna Mission Letter, July 1929).

"On March 17th, 1921, Father Eline arrived in Patna at the head of a little band of five that would grow to about forty in 1929 when he gave up his office as Superior of the Mission. During these eight momentous years he resided in the historic cantonment at Dinapore.

"In 1922 an Apostolic School for preparing Indian boys for the priesthood was begun at his station in Dinapore. During the following year such notable works as the Khrist Raja High School, work among the depressed classes, cottage industries and the like were begun. The admission of many fine Indian young men to be Jesuits is not the least achievement of Father Eline's superiorship."

(The Patna Mission Letter, July-August, 1940).

"It was Father Eline who conducted the first group of American Jesuits to Patna, where he was appointed Superior Regular in 1921. He held this office for eight years, residing at Dinapore where he acted as Chaplain at St. Stephen's Church. With the exception of several years as Railway Chaplain at Jamalpur and a brief stay at Khrist Raja High School, Father Eline resided at Dinapore, where he continued his Chaplain activities until 1940, when failing eyesight (with consequent operations for cataract) compelled him to relinquish this work. In September, 1940, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit.

"Father Eline's administration as Superior Regular was marked by the inception of the educational work which has since so developed in The Patna Mission. His regime was also distinguished by the great strides made in mission-work among the Depressed Classes, a work carried on so fruitfully by Father Henry Westropp and fellow missionaries. Father Eline spared neither energy nor resources in his encouragement and promotion of this work.

"Father Eline died at Patna City Hospital on September 1, 1943. The funeral services were held at St. Xavier's, Patna, interment was in the Kurji Cemetery.

(The Examiner, Bombay, India, Sept. 11, 1943.)

He loved India and its people with a true supernatural love. If he dreaded anything, it was the fact that his Superiors might ask him to return to America. India was the country of his adoption, and he wanted to die in India. Another striking feature in Fr. Eline was his extraordinary love for the Mass. After two operations on his eyes, he could not read very much; in fact, he could no longer say his Office, but until his health broke down completely he continued to say Mass, and the Mass of the day, too. He was so attached to the Mass that he could never thank enough the scholastic who had helped him at the sacrifice. At times he would do so with tears in his eyes, as if the scholastic had rendered him some very great service. May he rest in peace.

FATHER SALVATORE M. GIGLIO

1872-1943

Fifty-four years ago a young man of seventeen left his home in Sicily to follow his vocation in the Society of Jesus. A few weeks before his novitiate ended he sailed, like other Italian missionaries, to the New World in quest of souls.

Salvatore M. Giglio, S.J., completed his course of training at Florissant and at Regis in the United States, before returning to Naples, where he was ordained at the conclusion of his course in theology on July 26, 1903.

Two years and two months later, on September 26, 1905, the young apostle was given a worthy outlet for his zeal when he was appointed as first pastor of Mt. Carmel church in Pueblo, Colorado. A number of Italians had settled in Pueblo and its environs, attracted by the opportunities of work in the smelters and on the truck gardens of the country.

In 1898 Father Massa, S. J., had built a very plain, almost barn-like structure, which was being used as the church. In this simple church young Father Giglio began to labor in 1905. There was nothing of value in the church except the lovely statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which is still used in the present building. The problem of supporting himself and maintaining his parish was a hard one for Father Giglio, because his people, who were accustomed to the government-supported churches of Italy, found the transition to our American system of parish support very unpleasant. Yet, when he left Pueblo in 1917, he had completed work on a fine residence and the present excellent church.

During these years he labored against great difficulties for his people. The life was hard; the facilities at his disposal were meager; yet he spent himself willingly in travel to his many mission outposts. In the course of years he had built up stations at Huerfono, Avondale, Undercliff, Lime, Boone, Pinon and other out of the way places where he found souls. He would baptize, perform marriages, console the sick, preach God's word to Mexican and Italian alike, offer the Holy Sacrifice, and then be on his way.

One thing that especially impresses those few people who know Father Giglio's life and apostolate intimately during these years is his love for children. He was constantly instructing them and caring for them in every way possible. During his pastorate at Pueblo he established a day nursery and orphanage with the help of Franciscan Sisters.

His twelve-year term as pastor came to an end in 1917. Between 1917 and 1929 he was employed in various capacities, chiefly in the New Orleans province. He was minister for a period at Loyola in New Orleans, taught in New York, was assistant pastor at Tampa, Florida, and El Paso, Texas. Perhaps his most outstanding work during these years was done while he acted as pastor in San Felipe (Old Town) Albuquerque, New Mexico. Here again his concern for the welfare of children put all his ingenuity to work at the problem

of purchasing the Old Courthouse, which he converted into a fine school.

In April, 1929, upon the death of Father Valentino, S.J., Father Giglio returned to Mt. Carmel parish in Pueblo. Here he remained as pastor until his death on September 30, 1943.

Perhaps very few people who claimed his acquaintance really knew Father Giglio well. Few understood his quiet, but profound devotion to his people. Fewer still had any idea of the persecution he suffered at their hands. Their caliousness or ingratitude or neglect of their religious duties deeply pained his naturally sensitive character. People thought that he was always the same, unruffled and serene, but they did not suspect the constant struggle that went on within him to maintain the calm exterior or how much training in patience underlay his conquest of a volatile character. Those times when his temper did break out left no marks; he did not know how to harbor ill feelings.

Though his appointments were generally such as to deprive him almost from his ordination of all community life, he kept a great love for the Society throughout all his apostolic years. When he was abroad, the Society went with him. His contacts with the world, whether intellectual, spiritual, or social, were in every way a credit to the Society. He was a popular confessor for the priests of the city and was noted among them for his hospitality.

To some Father Giglio appeared to be independent. In reality this was only his earnest desire to trouble no one. The very night before he died, he himself explained this: "I don't want to bother anybody. It's not pride," he insisted; "I just don't want to trouble anyone."

His death was of a piece with his life; he troubled no one. Next morning he rose, went to his office to begin his meditation—the book was a Spanish edition of the Spiritual Exercises, marked at the Foundation —marked his Mass intention book, returned to his room, and died.

The death of Father Giglio brings to an end a long line of heroic Italian missionaries who are responsible, after God, for the preservation of the Faith in Southern Colorado. May be rest in peace.

FATHER ROBERT S. JOHNSTON

1874-1944

Three evenings before his death, almost to the hour, Father Johnston was, with characteristic warmth and courtesy, welcoming some of his Jesuit brethren who had come to visit him at St. Joseph's Hospital; and though he offered an excuse for not being able to show himself a better "host", there were then no sure signs that the end of life was so close. Even on the day of his death, after he had received the Last Sacraments, he manifested his old-time benevolence of spirit in conversation with one of the Fathers of the community. Then, shortly after dinner-time, there came with some suddeness the severe heart-seizure that closed his life of sixty-nine years. It was Friday evening, February 18th.

On December 11th, 1874, Robert Story Johnston, son of Robert A. Johnston and Ellen Story Johnston, was born at Troy Center, Wisconsin, only a few miles from the stretch of lake-land upon which were later to be reared the buildings of the Jesuit Vacation Villa, Beulah, and the nearby summer home of the Johnston Family. After his primary education, Robert Johnston attended Marquette Academy and College, and on August 14th, 1891, he became a novice at Florissant. As a scholastic, he spent his teaching-years in Detroit and in Cincinnati. His course in Theology in St. Louis was followed by ordination to the priesthood in 1905. Tertianship over, he spent one year at Marquette, and then went for special study in Dogmatic Theology to the Jesuit College at Ore Place, Hastings, England.

Father Johnston returned to America to commence an apostolate in the classroom which lasted for something over twenty fruitful years, while he lectured in Theology both at St. Louis University and at St. Mary's of the Lake, Mundlein. He brought to this work not only a brilliant mind rich in the resources of his subject, but a disposition and a personality which his young clerical students were quick to see the kindliness and the amiability of, and which made of them friends and genuine admirers of their teacher. His manner as a teacher was uniformly sincere and benevolent, and no one will recall that he ever lapsed from his established way. It were easy to say, in this regard, that his was a native gentlemanliness; yet anyone familiar with the tests which class-room work puts upon his patience and persevering good nature knows well that Father Johnston's achievement here was no ordinary triumph. Christian gentlemanliness in its richest sense he surely possessed, and just as surely practiced upon all occasions and towards all manners of individuals. It was this quality, elevated by supernatural charity, which take on a rareness that his students retained an indelible impression of. And this impression persisted even when, in the intricacies of a lesson, lucid though its explanation might have been, or in the solution of a proposed question, the informed but wary teacher argued a point and, perhaps, still left something to be desired in the minds of his auditors. Mentally equipped as he was, Father Johnston dearly liked a mental bout, whether touching a point of class-matter, or the settlement of an issue in ordinary conversation, or the mere verbal accuracy of a casual statement. On occasions, he seemed to get enjoyment from actually evading the point in question, out of genial artifice.

His energies were not confined to class-room activity. He was known for an excellent preacher in the pulpit, where he delivered many a well-ordered, logical, exhaustive, and forcefully-composed exposition of Catholic doctrine; and for years he devoted himself to confessional work in the College Church, St. Louis. His

many contacts with Catholics and non-Catholics alike, especially during his term as President of St. Louis University, 1930 to 1936, were facilitated and turned to good advantage by the firm force of his benevolent spirit, always guided by the ideals of the Society.

Naturally rugged of constitution, and inclined in younger years to regular and busy activity in the matter of physical recreation and exercise, he drew genuine zest from life, he abounded in health. and even in the years of middle age, his youthful energy was maintained. No less than in things of the mind, he liked to excel in games and diversions, and he could be irked when a companion in recreation showed less alertness or intensity of application than was customary with himself. Father Johnston's attitude towards community-life evinced devotion to those practices and customs which engender unity of spirit and which diffuse genial charity. Many a one still retains the stimulating recollection of his eager participation in the life of the scholasticate. At all times he was accessible to the inquiring or troubled student; his mere daily greeting breathed affability; and with the exhaustion of the youngest of his scholars, he devoted his musical talent to the regular practices of the scholasticate orchestra. Thus, from the particular circumstances of time and place, his companionship, quite as much as his example, took on a value doubly dear to younger members about him.

When Father Johnston's presidency at St. Louis University ended, he came to Marquette University where he zestfully engaged in the work of teaching Philosophy. With the burden of office lifted, and once again in the class-room, he appeared to derive keen enjoyment from his contact with the young people in his courses. They, no less, were quick to find sources of appeal in their scholarly, amiable teacher.

He had now returned to an environment, of all environments the most familiar to him, in which old and treasured associations seemed even richer to his mature enjoyment of them. The large-hearted generosity of his admirable parents, now gone to their re-

wards, was perpetuated about him, in the very building in which he lived, Johnston Hall, of the University. To prosper the work of the Society in Milwaukee, his parents had contributed often and bounteously; in their Jesuit son was worthily continued the family tradition of generosity towards Almighty God and the Society of which he was so gifted and so loyal a member.

The last few years of Father Johnston's life were marked by intermittent illnesses which forced upon him the relinquishment of active work. The physical resources which had so often enabled him to rally from sickness gradually waned until a gentle resignation had supplanted old-time exuberance. Long ago, as a young man, he had gladly left all to follow Christ poor. Now he was at the end of life, rich in generous-hearted service; rich in years, of which he had lived fifty-two and a half in the Society of Jesus; rich in the promise of the Master's reward. May his soul rest in peace.

VARIA

IMPRIMATUR GIVEN PRAYER FOR EX-GENERAL'S CANONIZATION

On March 19, 1944, His Excellency Joseph R. Crimont, S. J., Bishop of Alaska gave his official *imprimatur* to the following prayer:

> "O God, if it be the sweet disposition of Thy holy Will, grant me the favor I ask through the intercession of Thy servant, Wlodimir Ledochowski, that to Thy greater honor and glory, he may be one day raised to the honors of the altar. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The American Assistancy.—

CHICAGO PROVINCE

Loyola U. and South America.—Morton Dauween Zabel, member of the English department of Loyola University, Chicago, for twenty years, who last month left on a year's leave of absence as inaugural professor of North American literature at the National University of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. Dr. Zabel will work on a biography of Joseph Conrad. He was educated at St. Thomas Military College, St. Paul, the University of Minnesota and the University of Chicago.

Paul F. Elward of Loyola University, Chicago, and Miss Mary Burns, of Our Lady of Cincinnati College, were among the six persons who won awards in the National Discussion Contest finals held in the Pan-American Union in Washington, Dr. Leo S. Rowe, director general of the Pan-American Union, presiding. The awards are $500 each for study in Mexico during the coming summer.

MISSOURI PROVINCE

Jubilarian.—Rev. Michael I. Stritch, S.J., has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. At eighty-two he is the oldest Jesuit at St. Louis University in point of service, having taught philosophy continuously from 1912 until his retirement two years ago. He is a native of County Galway, Ireland. He studied at Woodstock, Md., and was ordained in 1898.

Still Prisoner.—Rev. Robert Keel, S.J., dean of the School of Commerce at Kojmachi, Kioicho, Tokio, the only Missouri Province Jesuit in that area, is still detained in Japan; he did not return on the Gripsholm. Five more Jesuits from Missouri recently sailed for India to join sixteen other members of the province laboring in the starving Patna district under the direction of Bishop Bernard Sullivan, S.J.

Large Bequest.—St. Louis University has received a $1,250,000 endowment from the estate of Henry E. Sever, Chicago publisher to establish a school of earth sciences. This school will greatly expand and strengthen the university's already-existing department of geophysics. It will offer complete undergraduate and graduate training in geology, geological engineering, exploration geophysics, meteorology, seismology, and radio communications engineering.

The school will open in autumn with approximately 180 students. The dean will be the Rev. James B. Macelwane, S.J., famous geophysicist here. The department already has a three-story building, plus $200,000 in equipment. The new school will be equal in standards with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but unique in its earth science equipment, staff and courses.

The university was chosen out of all colleges and universities in Missouri by a committee of three Chicago experts, investigating for Judge Joseph A. Graber, of Cook County Superior Court, who had been appealed to by the bank trustee of the estate. Judge Graber,

acting on information gathered by the committee after long investigation, said that St. Louis University alone could satisfy the requirements. The text of his decree states:

St. Louis University, founded in 1818, has founded ten other colleges and universities. It has a national and international reputation for scholarship and educational leadership. Its faculty has been gathered from the best universities in the world. Those in the science departments particularly have been conspicuous for research and publications on scientific subjects. Its library contains 424,553 volumes and receives by subscription 1,397 scientific journals.

War Record.—It is practically an impossible task to condense the record of the Jesuit colleges of the Province in the war effort. We can only hint at a few things here and there. For instance, Rockhurst was the first college in the country to begin classes in the Army Air Force Training Program, and was one of the two colleges in the United States granted an increase in the quota of Air Cadets. Marquette was the first Catholic school to have a Naval ROTC unit. The Radio Schools of the Army Air Force are staffed largely by graduates of St. Louis University.

It is as difficult to summarize the achievements of the Jesuit alumni and alumnae. A casual thumbing through of the various student and alumni publications of the Province shows a remarkable record. Each school has its own long list of heroes. Lt. "Jack" Cronin, of Regis, has been five times decorated for his bravery in the air over Europe. A hospital in New Caledonia has been named for Capt. Andre Panettiere, of Rockhurst, who was killed in action on Guadalcanal. Creighton, with 85% of her alumni servicemen holding commissions, can point with pride to such men as Ensign John J. Parle, first citizen of Omaha to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, who sacrificed his life to save his comrades and the Sicilian invasion plan. Marquette numbers among her loyal sons Robert D. Murphy who played such a prominent

part in the preparations for the allied invasion of North Africa.

Brigadier General Percy J. Carroll, Chief Surgeon of the United States Army Service of Supply in the Southwest Pacific Area, who was so highly praised by General MacArthur for his efficient evacuation of wounded from the Philippines after the fall of Manila, is a graduate of St. Louis University. So also are Maj. Gen. Joseph M. Cummins, Brig. Gen. Alonzo P. Fox, and acting Gen. Arthur Thomas. Among the first gold stars for Jesuit college alumnae was one placed in the service flag of St. Louis University for Miss Jane Champlin, a pilot in the Women's Auxiliary Ferry Service.

From Other Countries—

BURMA

A Flying Tiger, returned from Burma, reported that a book entitled "The China That Was," author, L. J. Gallagher, S.J., of the New England Province, published by Bruce of Milwaukee, was in constant demand by the American and British Officers engaged in the China War. The story reached the Army Special Training Division in Washington and the book is being recommended to the U. S. Government for reading by all Army personnel engaged in or destined for the eastern theatre of war.

BAGHDAD

From our College in Iraq comes the following proof that U. S. O. has a place among the Jesuits beside the Tigris.

"It would have done your heart good to have been with us recently when we were deluged with visits

from American soldiers. Each night was like old home week. The Stage-Door Canteen was never merrier than Baghdad College. Many of the soldiers who came were not Catholics, but those who could get leave returned every day they were in the neighborhood. Fr. Shea was doing the impossible, finding food we don't know where, keeping servants and cooks busy from morning till—well, the Fathers sat down to dinner one evening at eight-thirty. The cook protested with each waffle he made: what kind of people are these Americans who eat waffles in the afternoon, when everyone knows waffles are breakfast food. If our American boys enjoyed their visit, you may be sure that they were a real tonic to the Community.

"The triumphs of triumphs occurred recently when Baghdad College defeated the U. S. Army in a thrilling game of soft-ball. Our team was composed of seven stalwart boys plus Frs. Sheehan and Connell. The soldiers were visitors whose coming brought joy to our hearts and their own. With Fr. Sheehan the contest was a matter of pride, and he lived up to his reputation. The Mudir told us confidentially that, through the kindness of the opposing pitcher, he was able to show the students why he was in the lineup. Our outfield played like a trio of Dimaggios, or almost. For the records we may say that B. C. came from behind in the ninth to win 23 to 16. The boys were wildly excited, and the Army men enjoyed themselves hugely."

BELGIAN CONGO

The death on July 21 of Brother Gillet of the Jesuit Order, founder of the Botanical Gardens at Kisantu, was a great loss to the scientific world. As the result of his work, his own name has entered the language of botany, and many a descriptive plant classification ends with the word "Gilletii."

Since the last war, Brother Gillet devoted all the time allowed by the rule of his Order to personal supervision of the cultivation and upkeep of his great gardens. He gathered at Kisantu every plant that would grow in that climate, studied the different varieties of each species and the various methods of cultivation and worked out many original methods of growing them. He introduced into Africa crops which have now become staple foods for the natives. Sweet manioc, for instance, has already largely taken the place of bitter manioc, with great benefit to the consumer's health. He selected and hybridized African fruit species, producing a whole range of fruits, very different from the native varieties from which they sprang. Among these were bananas, mangoes, mangosteens, paw-paws, avocado pears and custard apples. He also catalogued and identified all native trees with a commercial value, and studied the best methods of reforestation to encourage their growth.

An example of Brother Gillet's ingenuity may be seen in the story of how he saved a small chapel on the bank of the Inkisi River whose foundations were threatened by soil erosion. The Order was distressed because building a dam would have proved a very costly matter. After vain attempts to strengthen the river bank, Brother Gillet changed his tactics. He had in his collection an assortment of amphibious bamboos, obtained from every corner of the earth, whose habitat and conditions of cultivation he had carefully studied. Making a selection he had the bamboos planted in the bed of the river, above the threatened spot. A few months later the river was in spate. The frail plants bent back, and the water passed through, but they gradually straightened themselves and for every shoot planted, 20 new ones began to grow. When next the river was in spate, the silt it brought down was stopped by the bamboo dam and settled on the river bed. Today the current has been subdued, and the chapel is safe.

ITALY

New Acting General.—The Very Rev. Alessio Ambrogio Magni, S.J., seventy-one-year-old Vicar General of the Society of Jesus, who has served as Acting General for more than a year, died April 11 in Rome.

Father Magni, who was born near Milan in 1872, entered the Jesuit community in 1892 and was ordained in 1904. He was noted as an orator and retreat master, and was named assistant for Italy in 1935.

Ill of uremia for several months, Father Magni received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction the night before his death, when his condition had become critical.

Father Magni had governed the Society since the death of the Very Rev. Vladimir Ledochowski, S.J., General of the society, in December, 1942. A sealed document left by Father Ledochowski, which was opened after his death, named Father Magni as acting General.

The Very Rev. Norbert de Boynes, S.J., was elected Vicar General of the Society of Jesus on April 19. Father de Boynes will serve as Acting General until a formal election of a new General can be held, which probably will not be until after the war.

Born in the diocese of Seez, Department of Oran, France, on August 24, 1870, Father de Boynes entered the Society of Jesus in 1888. He studied at the English Novitiate of Classical Studies in Canterbury, where he was ordained in 1902. He took his final vows in 1906 and served as Provincial of Paris and as Visitor to the United States, China and Asia Minor.

He was chosen Assistant for France in 1923 and has served in that position since.

NORTH ALASKA

Rev. Paul C. Deschout, S.J., of St. Alphonsus parish, Nelson Island, has been appointed Superior of the

Northern Alaska Mission by the Very Rev. Leo J. Robinson, S.J., Provincial of the Oregon Province. Father Deschout has been an Alaskan missionary since 1930. He succeeds the Rev. Joseph F. McElmeel, who has been Superior at the mission since 1937. The Northern Alaska Mission consists of thirteen permanent residences and over thirty-five mission stations, staffed by eighteen priests, two scholastics and eight coadjutor Brothers.

CUBA

Rev. Simon Sarasola, S.J., at one time assistant director of Belen College Observatory in Havana, has been named director, succeeding the late Rev. Mariano Guitierres Lanza, S.J. He was for a number of years director of the National Observatory at Bogota, Colombia. He has been decorated with the Grand Cross of Boyaco by Colombia and is a Commander of Isabel La Catolica of Spain.

ENGLAND

Rev. Bernard M. Egan, S.J., thirty-nine, the first British Army chaplain to be given his "wings" as a parachutist, has been awarded the Military Cross for bringing back without loss a party of parachutists who dropped in enemy territory in Sicily many miles from the remainder of the battalion; he collected the men and led them over difficult and dangerous country through the enemy lines.

THE PHILIPPINES

Objecting to "gratuitous slurs on the Filipino people, their habits of life and religion," as contained in

an article in the April 15 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J., director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau in New York, deplores the publication of such "half truths and ignorance" at a time when the country was noting the second anniversary of the fall of Bataan.

"The burden of the article is to attribute the failure of the Japs in the Philippines to their stupidity, their failure to properly, psychologically approach the Filipinos," Father Masterson said. "In the eyes of the author it couldn't have been because the Filipinos had certain centuries-old principles and concepts of human life, its dignity and divine destiny born of and nurtured by their Catholic faith.

"Dr. Boots insultingly ascribes the Japs' failure to win the Filipinos to the fact that they didn't realize that they could have 'bought' Filipino loyalty. That's ridiculous in the face of the story of Bataan and the even now continued large scale guerilla warfare throughout the Islands.

"If the Filipino were venal, as Dr. Boots implies, how explain more than 100,000 Filipinos fighting on Bataan and other battle scenes. That, too, when they knew they were foredoomed! Yet, ill-equipped, ill-fed, sick, they would carry on for four months to exact a terrible price from the enemy and completely upset the Japanese timetable for the conquest of the entire Southern Pacific. Fifty-five thousand of them —many of them youngsters whom I had taught at our Jesuit University in Manila—were to die on Bataan and on the now famous 'March of Death'. And far away in America they can be slandered as venal!

"If the Filipino were as inept, lazy, pleasure-loving —as Dr. Boots pictures him—he never could have risen to the heroic heights he has in this war. But then, what more could we have expected of the author? He wasn't quite a year in Manila—and that time was spent considerably as an internee. He didn't have the opportunity many of our American Jesuit Missionaries with twenty years of experience in the Philippines

have had. We might then have looked for a little reticence in essaying a judgment of the Filipino people.

"Yet, in the view of the fact that he is forced to admit American friends were completely surprised by the loyalty of the Filipinos; despite, too, what he didn't bring out (but which has been spoken of by more distinquished repatriates) that the internees' conditions at Santo Tomas were not a little materially bettered by the food and other items provided gratuitously by the Filipinos at considerable personal risk, the Doctor fails miserably in his diagnosis as to what brought about this devotion.

"So much in the Filipino's past of which Dr. Boots must be ignorant could have helped him. Were he aware of their history, even though belonging to another sect, he could not have honestly cast aspersions on the religion of the vast majority of the Filipinos.

"It is pitifully ludicrous to hear the author impugn Catholicism. He categorically states that only one religion will satisfy the Filipino's desires. You'd expect that Catholicism would be the answer, when 80 percent of the 16,000,000 in the Philippines profess it. That for the author must be too obvious a conclusion. So, he fumbles around and comes up with this gem: The religion to answer the Filipino's desires is the kind the Americans gave him, i.e., complete freedom to feed his spiritual hunger in whatever way he desires—Jesuit Catholic, Franciscan Catholic, Dominican Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian or fetishistic or sun worship. But separate from the state and entirely free of police compulsion and supervision.'

"What a world of ignorance to be able to live in, not to know that there is only one Catholicism; that Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and dozens of other religious groups within the Catholic Church all profess absolutely the same faith. In addition, it is hardly complimentary to have our faith grouped equally with 'fetishistic or sun worship.' It's hard to see how the Post could condone such insulting ignorance in a feature writer.